

# The SILENT WORKER

1928 JANUARY 1928						
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Vol. 40  
No. 4

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# *The National Association of the Deaf* and *The Silent Worker*

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**This MAGAZINE is always found in the homes of all up-to-date deaf and on the tables of many of their hearing friends. It keeps you posted on what is taking place in the world of the Deaf. It gives you viewpoints not brought out in any other paper of the Deaf.**

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# The Silent Worker

*An Illustrated Monthly Magazine For, By and About the Deaf of the English-Reading World*

Volume 40. No. 4

Trenton, N. J., January, 1928

25 Cents a Copy

## Deaf Persons of Note



*Matthew McCook, of Riceville, Iowa. Newspaperman. Published the "Deaf-Mute Critic," in 1890-1894. Has successful printing and publishing business.*

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# WITH THE SILENT WORKERS

By Alexander L. Pach

(Concluded)

THIS may not be clear to the reader, so I will amplify. When you drive your car off the boat (no pedestrians use this ferry) the "dock" you drive on to, to reach the mainland, is a bridge three miles long. The ferry boats are much larger and more powerful than those we have in eastern waters. The ride across the bay is as far as from the Battery to Coney Island for the shorter rides and much longer for others. So many of San Francisco's business people live over the bay in Berkeley, Oakland, Alameda, Richmond, and still more distant points, that they breakfast on the steamers, each having large restaurants on their upper decks. Union Pacific and Southern Pacific terminals are in Oakland, so all reaching San Francisco over these routes have the ferry to cross, excepting the trains running to Los Angeles and Fresno, and points south, which have their own terminal right in San Francisco.

Sunday morning, bright and early, Mr. and Mrs. Le Clercq came to the hotel to take Mr. McMann and the writer on a trip that began with a tour of the city covering the sections that fell prey to the great catastrophe when earthquake and fire wrought their deadly work, then on to the Presidio, Western headquarters of the United States Army, and then the thousand acre Golden Gate Park fronting on the Golden Gate. Fifty years ago the vast acreage was a desert. Today trees and flowers from all over the world grow and bloom there. Of course, we stopped at Seal Rocks, and I am enabled to reproduce a photograph of this widely known attraction. From Golden Gate Park which is enriched by the best

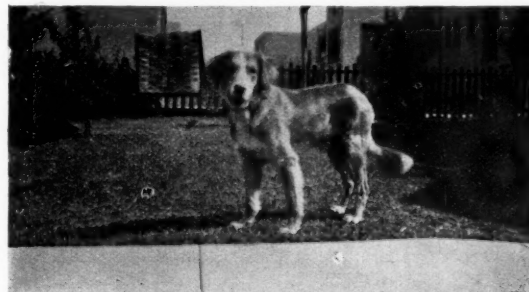


Seal Rocks, Golden Gate, San Francisco. Photo by C. J. LeClerc.

examples of Douglas Tilden's creations in bronze, we drove the thirty mile boulevard to inspect the wonders of Leland Stanford University, the chapel of which, alone, cost over five million dollars. This high cost is due to the

value of the mosaic paintings on the walls of the interior of the chapel.

Resuming our drive we left Palo Alto (Spanish for Lone Tree) and drove through the prune country where for miles and miles we saw the trays of plums drying in the sun, and reaching Saratoga we climbed over a mountain of the La Hounda range, elevation 1000 feet, then



"Buck" Guardian of the McMann estate

down to the Big Basin Valley which is a State redwood park, and the big trees are wonderful to behold. Here even greater precaution against fire is taken than anywhere else where we visited. In the basin is a wonderful camp, and many of the visitors were from other states, as the license plates on their cars showed. No smoking is permitted and heavy fines are provided for those who disregard the warnings. An Easterner, particularly if he is a smoker, gets many a jar when he lapses a bit in not carefully extinguishing a lighted match, and woe to the villain who discards a stub without making sure it is dead. Eternal vigilance in the matter of precaution against fire is necessary, and when the priceless value of the forest growth is considered, one readily understands.

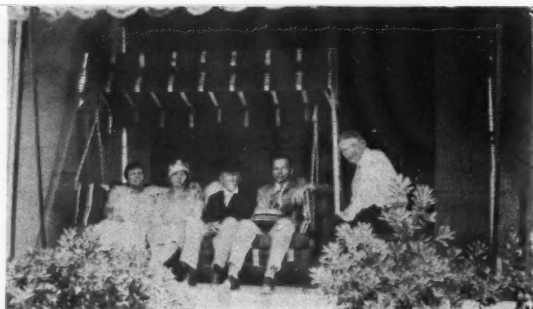
Back to San Francisco, and reaching there after a 150 mile drive, our hosts, Mr. and Mrs. Le Clercq, took the New Yorkers to a dinner at a banquet hall very much on the order of Guffanti's, beloved of New Yorkers.

After two days of sightseeing in San Francisco, we transferred our belongings to the hospitable home of Mr. and Mrs. Murray Campbell in Berkeley, and for the first time I made the bay trip by my lonesome, and without being a passenger in some friend's auto. The evening before Mr. Campbell gave me directions for the journey from San Francisco. Reaching the Market Street piers was easy, and crossing on the Southern Pacific a simple matter. On arrival in Oakland, I was to take a car marked Elsworth and get out at Russell, or maybe it was a car marked Russell and I was to leave at

Elsworth. I did not have to write down the instructions given me, for New York has had a deaf boss printer named Russell, and still has one named Elsworth, so what would be easier for a New Yorker to remember?

I wonder that there have not been more fatalities in the streets of the bay cities than there have. An unfortunate deaf woman was killed there just after my visit. Trains and express trolleys run through the streets, and at many places there are neither gates nor watchmen. The suburban trolleys maintain high speed going through the cities and it makes an Easterner's heart jump up to his mouth to witness what seem to be many narrow escapes.

While a guest under the hospitable roof of the Campbells, I was joined by Principal and Mrs. Elwood Stevenson, of the Minnesota School, who had come out to the coast as the guests of the California Association of the Deaf, and I had had the good fortune to be with this very fine couple many times before. At one time, we were such close neighbors in New York that we frequently met in the same "movie" house. Then I had been with them down in Virginia, in Pennsylvania; their guest in Kansas, and we shared the delights of the St.



*Left to right—Mrs. McMann, Mr. Mead, Prof. Dean, Mr. Mead, Mr. Pach, at the McMann's home, Hollywood*

Paul Convention together. The last night, for most of us in California, was spent at the Manx Hotel, with Mr. and Mrs. Stevenson, Miss Delight Rice, and fully twenty New Yorkers and ex-New Yorkers, others being Mr. McMann, Mr. and Mrs. Campbell, Mr. and Mrs. Le Clercq, Mr. and Mrs. De Saix, among the "Exs."

A drive that will linger as long as memory lasts was started early one morning, with Mrs. Campbell at the wheel and her husband, "Scotty," as his old New York friends lovingly term him, and myself as passengers. Our destination was the wonderful home of Mr. and Mrs. W. A. Tilley, at Tiburon, and we reached it over a beautiful drive to Richmond, thence over the ferry and to our destination. After which, again, another ferry, that from Sausalito to San Francisco and after the farewell at the Hotel Manx over the Southern Pacific ferry to Oakland, and thence home, calling it a day.

Neither Mr. nor Mrs. Tilley care to have their palatial home featured in any way, but after likening it to a castle on the Rhine, and their hospitality kingly, I will have to let it go at that.

After crossing the ferry from Richmond, we came in sight of a wonderful appearing structure that looked, from a distance, as if it might be a vast resort hotel, but before Mrs. Campbell could tell me I guessed what it was—San Quentin, Pacific coast sister of Atlantic coast's Sing Sing.

But San Quentin is bright with color; flower and

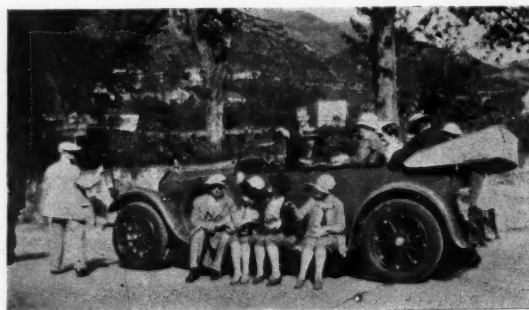
vegetable gardens outside, and no wall to make it look formidable. Sing Sing, Joilet and Atlanta prisons, all look the part, that is, cold, oppressive and inhospitable, but San Quentin, and particularly on a bright sunshiny day, radiates cheer.

Some months ago, a letter came in the mails addressed in my care, with a return request that gave the address of the sender as San Quentin. It also gave a P. O. Box



*Left to right—Messrs. McMann, LeClercq and Pach, Veteran Past Rulers of the League of Elect Surds, at Stanford University, Palo Alto, California.*

number something like 37,650, and I knew San Quentin was all prison and a very little town, so my curiosity was awakened, and as I could not forward the letter to the person addressed, I wrote and explained to the sender, and asked what was to be done in the matter. Out of his reply grew a correspondence that covered several months. The writer informed me that he was doing ten years in San Quentin, but was innocent and doing it rather than betray the guilty person. I argued with him that it was foolish, and suggested that he take it up with the authorities. He, in turn, told me that so many of his fellow prisoners told the same story that he feared he would not be believed, so there was nothing to be done except to behave as circumspect as possible and gain all



*Taken at Maniton, Jimmy Meagher declines to join a pleasant party. Yantzito's sisters and Miss Dries, of Chicago, on running board. Leiter, Lapides, Miss Allison, Selig, among those in car.*

possible time off for good behavior. I could not see the matter in that light, so sent the correspondence to Gov. Young, and a copy to the Board of Pardons. This was last spring and I heard nothing further.

I asked my hosts to drive in, and told them why. The



Captain of the Guard treated us royally and turned us over to a prisoner, who might have been a Lieutenant in the Navy, judged by his face, and his show of gentlemanliness. As soon as I mentioned the name of the man I wanted to see he told me he thought he knew him, and that he was no longer there. Then he searched the record



*Mr. and Mrs. LeClerc at Palo Alto*

cards and to my intense satisfaction, the young man's card bore the information: "Pardoned June 27, 1927." San Quentin seemed even rosier when that information came.

Then Mrs. Campbell recalled that an officer of her mother's church organization in Fresno had been sent to San Quentin for a long term for misusing church funds, so she asked if she might see him, and then the convict-clerk searched the files again and brought forth the record card with endorsement: "Pardoned June 27, 1927."

Our guide then offered to show us the interior of the prison, and here there seemed to be less of that depressing tainted prison atmosphere than is met with at Atlanta and Sing Sing. We resumed our drive along the winding shore of the bay, and half an hour after we left the entrance to San Quentin we were crossing a bridge immediately in its rear.

My last day on the coast was given over to an inspection of the California School for the Deaf, in company with Mr. and Mrs. Stevenson with Mrs. Campbell, Mr.



*Left to right—Mr. Hadley, Mr. Stillman, Mr. MacDonald, Mr. Bulmer, Mr. Eccles, Mr. Schneider, Mr. Burgham, Mr. McMann, Mr. Boss, Mr. Rothert, Mr. Blanchard, Mr. Pach*

Howson and Mr. D'Estrella as guides, and I enjoyed a very pleasant visit with Dr. Caldwell who just resigned as Principal. We then drove through Berkeley, and up to the top of the hills where the best view of the bay, the

cities of San Francisco, Oakland, Berkeley and the Golden Gate is to be had, and after a brief call at the home of Prof. and Mrs. Runde, old-time friends, we drive through the city of Oakland, a city far more imposing than Newark, N. J., selecting it for comparison at random, though I might have cited Syracuse or Rochester with equal truth. So here on a beautiful August afternoon we take leave



*Party at Handley's, Los Angeles.*

of our friends at the Oakland station on the Union Pacific's "Pacific Limited," and just at nightfall we reach California's capital city, Sacramento. Then on through a country rich in history, we retire before Nevada soil is reached, pass through famed Reno at 2:30 in the morning, when all are asleep, and awake in time to enter the dining car as we reach Winnemucca, the station for Paradise Valley. Ogden, Utah, is reached at 7 o'clock next evening after several hours' ride over the Great Salt Lake trestle. The second morning finds us breakfasting as we view some of the scenic splendor of Wyoming, and we just miss Cheyenne, as the route of the train we are on is over a cut-off that leads straight south to Denver, which we reach in time to re-visit the Cosmopolitan, which some weeks before was the home of two hundred of our choicest deaf people of all these ever glorious



*Mrs. McMann, Mrs. V. MacDonald, Miss E. Morton, Mrs. Bingham, Miss Bible, Mrs. Stillman, Miss Boss, Mrs. F. Bulmer, Mrs. Rothert, Mrs. Blanchard, Mrs. Handley, Mrs. Kantz, Mrs. Schneider, Mrs. Sonneborn, Mrs. C. Boss near the kitchen door*

United States, but now not a single one is left and the Cosmopolitan is housing another convention.

Two hours stay in Denver, during which we saw the first real rain since we had left there in July, and the rain staid with us all that day in the ride over the Burlington to Chicago, all the next day, so when we reached Chicago bringing the downpour with us, we cut out our intend-

ed visits in and near the Illinois metropolis and took the first train to New York. This first train happened to be the Gotham Limited, and the extra fare is \$8.40, which amount, of course, is refunded if the train is 55 minutes late on arrival at 33rd Street, N. Y., and needless to say that the train arrived right on time. But after being away from home more than six weeks, and having gone across the continent and back again, having been literally killed with kindness at the hands of those old and new friends in the two California metropolises, or whatever is the plural for metropolis, it is worth many times \$8.40 extra fare to reach H-O-M-E.

And then the regrets of what we missed. Seeing San Francisco and not meeting the unique Douglas Tilden seemed strange. In the past "Doug" and I have been roommates here in New York and shipmates on the sea, and it was my misfortune to be in his burg when he was miles away doing a theatrical stunt with his loved Bohemian Club.

This concludes the story of my trip, and no one is gladder of it than I am, and this will also serve to announce that I am mighty glad to go back to my regular job on this magazine, a job that I think I am better fitted for than writing travel stuff.



## Old Timers

*Student Body of the National Deaf-Mute College, Now  
Gallaudet-College, Session 1873-1874*

*Photo taken by Randolph Douglas, a student. Only a few were sold and this may be the only one in existence. Place of picture—Porch and entrance to Dining Hall. The Students, with the exception of two or three were from twenty to forty-five years old. Names and a brief mention of each—left to right as near as possible.*

1. J. C. Balis\*, from Wisconsin, stands with cap on head and hand in bosom. He was looked upon as one of the wisest of the Students; could use the German language as fluently as he could the English, was very quiet, studious and industrious; was a favorite with all the students. Took no part in the college games, because of his sight. He graduated and went to Canada to teach. Married a most brilliant lady also a teacher in Canada.

2. Delos Simpson\*, from—(?). Man just back of Balis, light hat. He worked his way through college; loved to study, read and write late at night and sleep dur-

ing the day time when not at recitations; was very frugal and would mend his own clothes. Graduated and went to St. Louis as principal of the Day School founded by Robert P. McGregor. He was somewhat eccentric; gave up the school in St. Louis and soon after died.

3. — Archibald\*, from Indiana; man stands with dressing robe and folded arms. He was somewhat advanced in age when he entered college, was considered wealthy; was very secluded and studious; took no active part in the college games, but was always ready to contribute a dollar or so to help when needed. Graduated



and went to the Indiana School to teach. He left his fortune to the Indiana Home for the Aged and Infirm Deaf People.

4. W. F. Pope\*, from Tennessee, standing just back of Archibald, hat a little on the side of the head. He was about six feet high, strong and powerful, about thirty years of age; was a teacher in the Tennessee School and obtained a leave of absence to take a college course with his younger brother as his substitute and was unfortunately rooted out of his job. He went to Florida and engaged in truck business, invented an irrigating system, the first in Florida, but made no money out of it, bought property cheap in West Palm Beach, consequently he left his two deaf sons well off.

5. Alman, from Chicago (?). Man standing in front row, light pants, thumb sticking in pocket. He was one of the sports of the college; seemed to have a plenty of money; was a leader in all the college games of the day and very generous and kindly disposed. He left college in the middle of the session.

6. Hamilton, from Chicago (?). Man standing with hand on Alman's shoulder, light hat. He and Alman were bosom chums. He took part in all the games, left college with Alman.

7. Sparrow\*, from New England. Man standing back of Hamilton to the right, Quaker-like hat on, was very studious and industrious and pious. Took no part in games, graduated and went to Hartford as a teacher and died in harness.

8. Edwin L. Chapin\*, from D. C. and Virginia. Man in front row with high silk (beaver) hat, moustache and burnside, was one of the most dignified of the students and yet came down to all. Took part in some games, but because of the bother of spectacles he played very seldom. He was fine on the platform, especially in religious matters. Graduated and went to the West Virginia school to teach and died there in harness. He was a bachelor and so great a lover of books that the walls of his living room in Romney, West Virginia, was lined with shelves of books from floor to ceiling. Besides these he had boxes full of books under tables and also his bed. On one occasion, while visiting his room we began a talk on prohibition, which he strongly upheld, but says he, "Whiskey helps sometimes," and he left his chair and went direct to a shelf and reached arms length and pulled out a book on prohibition, written by a divine, and before he got back to his seat he had turned to the page whereon was a story of a little boy dying at sea and as the drunken shipmate was binding him up for a sea burial the cork of his whiskey bottle which was in the inside pocket of his coat fell out and a quantity of the whiskey ran out and over the face of the little boy, who presently became of the Chapin Library. There must have been was running about the deck of the ship. The quickness in finding the right book and coming to the page convinced me that Mr. Chapin knew his books. We wonder what became of the Chapin Library. There must have been several thousand volumes.

9. Myers (\*), from Ohio. Man standing back of Chapin, to the right, light hat and moustache. He was a quiet student, took no parts in games, graduated and went to Ohio, and was killed by a railroad train a few years afterwards.

10. — from —(?). Student back of Myers. Do not remember him.

11. — Davis, from New England, standing in front row, burnside, one hand in pocket. He was the oldest in point of age in the bunch, was in college only a short time, being called to a position in the post office of his town.

12. J. W. Michaels, from Virginia. Man standing direct behind Davis, up near the window with old style derby hat. He was one of the kids of the student body and liked to play as well as to study. He took part in all the college games, was captain of the old National Deaf-Mute College club for two sessions, winning the championship of the District of Columbia and surrounding towns; had a dangerous fall while running for a center field fly, which caused him to retire from the game and eventually from college. Entered business; changed to teaching in the Virginia School, later in the Arkansas School, and finally took the ordination of a baptist minister, and at present is in charge of the Missionary work for the Baptist people in all the Southern States, for Deaf people.

13. — Gardner, from Illinois. Man standing back of Davis to the right with light coat and black vest. Do not know what became of him.

14. Edwin I. Stretch\*, from Indiana. Tall man standing in middle of the front row with straw hat on; was one of the best students of the college; founder of both the Literary Society of the College and the old Prayer Meeting, later the Y. M. C. A. He was delicate and sickly and died while a senior. His death is, I believe, the first that occurred among the students of the college and a heart rending to all. Dr. E. M. Gallaudet said at his funeral, which took place in Chapel Hall, that his last words were: "We now see through a glass darkly: but then face to face." (1 Corinthians 13:12). A tablet of marble is placed on the wall, near Chapel Hall, boys' entrance, in his memory.

15. — James, from —(?), stands back of Stretch. Do not know of his after life.

16. — Swartz, from —(?), man above James to the right, do not remember about him.

17. Delos Waite, from Ohio. Man standing in front row with dark dressing robe, hat on back of the head. Could talk well and hear some, was a very quiet and polite man. Devoted his time to close study. Do not know of his whereabouts.

18. George Teerarten, from —(?), man direct above Waite with hat off and stands with fist resting on one side. He was looked upon as the Poet of the College, was a tall slender fellow and a favorite with all the students. He took little part in the College games, was a close friend of E. L. Chapin and much together. Graduated and went to the Western Pennsylvania School to teach and is now on the retired list drawing a pension from the school. He still takes active interest in the affairs of the deaf of the land.

19. — —, from —(?), man standing between post and enclosure of porch, do not remember him.

20. James M. Park, from Ohio, man in front row with colored dressing robe and cap. He was a genuine dignified congenial deaf student of deaf parentage and was a friend of all the students. Graduated and went to the Ohio School to teach. Resigned on account of health, went to California and started an orange and lemon grove, now a part of the beautiful city of Santa

Barbara, Cal. He still lives there and is doing well in

21. — Page, from New England, man above Prak to the left black hat and small side whiskers, do not remember what became of him.

22. Dudley Webster George, from Kentucky (?), man above Page. Very wise man, graduated and went to Illinois School to teach. He was a courageous fighter for the Combined System of teaching in the early days of pure oralism.

23. — Holloway, from Iowa, man standing direct above George with mustache, a good quiet student, students liked to tease him, graduated and went to the Iowa School to teach, probably still there.

24. J. W. Kidd,\* from Tennessee, man above and left of George with light hat. Left College and was soon afterwards killed by a rail road train.

25. — Gould, from — (?), man direct above Kidd, nice quiet fellow. Do not know what become of him.

26. Eddie Frisbee, from New England, man above and to the left of Kidd, he was the handsomest young kid of the College at the time, very polite and affectionate to all. For the lack of Co-eds, he was often dressed up as one in pantomimes and dramatic plays, was heart and soul in all the college games, being pitcher and short stop in the baseball team. Left College before graduating to help his father in ship building. He finally became connected with the Episcopal church as a lay-man

27. James Murphy, from Wisconsin, Man top row with cap on and head leaning against post. A fine specimen of an Irish man, very quiet and studious, took some part in the college games, graduated and went to the Wisconsin School to teach.

28. John Wilkinson, from New England, man standing in front row, holding laper of his coat, a faithful and hard student, took part in all the college sports, graduated, do not know of his success in life.

29. — Fortesque, from Pennsylvania, man above Wilkinson, handkerchief in side pocket of coat, very neat man and a professional in penmanship. He took delight in teaching the boys how to draw Eagles, Angels, Swans, birds and horses heads with pen and ink. He delighted in all the college sports. Do not know what became of him after leaving college.

30. Herman Erbe, from New England, man above and to the right of Fortesque, with light suit, was a stout handsome young fellow, was a no. one base ball and all round game player, left college to go in business in New England.

31. — Frank, from Pennsylvania, man standing above and to the left of Erbe, a very nice young fellow with a silky moustache, do not remember what became of him.

32. J. E. Crane,\* from New England, man standing above Frank to the right, with another's hand resting on his shoulder. One of the most dignified and particular of the students, graduated and went to Hartford to teach. He wrote several text books for the Deaf, among them the Bits of History. He was a very graceful and explicit sign-maker.

33. — Peck, from New England, man standing in front row, light hat, hand partly in pocket, a very quiet young man. Do not know what became of him.

34. Warren L. Waters, from New England, man

standing in front next to Peck, he was a no. one base ball catcher and all round man for college games, married a rich hearing lady and went to Santa Barbara, California and still lives in ease.

35. Theodore Elwell, from Pennsylvania, man above Waters, sitting against the porch balustrade holding paper, could talk well and perhaps hear some, was a student having a fine command of English, took very little part in the games because of his health, graduated and went to Pennsylvania as a teacher.

36. A. B. Greener, from Ohio, man standing to left of Elwell holding books in arm, a very wise and sagacious student liked and teased by all the students, a great reader of papers and books, as college correspondent for the Deaf Mute's Journal and remained so for many years afterwards, probably the nestor correspondent for the Journal. Graduated and went to the Ohio School as a teacher and in now one of the retired teachers of that school on pension. He divides his present time between Columbus, Ohio and Santa Barbara, Cal.

37. — — from — (?), man standing direct behind Greener, do not remember.

38. — Abbott, from New England. Man leaning against post to the right of Greener. Took part in all the college games. Do not know of him after leaving college.

39. Albert Powell, from Ohio, last man to the right in front row; was an energetic student, known for his beautiful delivery of the sign-language and as a debator; graduated and secured a position as Deputy County Clerk; ran for County Clerk; failed of election and went to Oklahoma and became clerk in the leading hotel of Oklahoma City, and now draws a living pension an account of partial paralises.

40. Frank Ross Gray\*, from — (?). Man standing right of post and leaning against porch railing. He was an excellent student; devoted his spare time to grinding lenses in the basement under the dining hall, also in taking and making photographs; graduated and became an optical lens maker in Pennsylvania.

41. Theodore Keisel\*, from District of Columbia, leaning against porch railing next to Gray; graduated and became a teacher in the Kendall School, Washington. D. C.

42. Harry White, from New England, man sitting on porch railing and leaning against post. He was a husky and hustling young fellow, probably the youngest in college at the time; took interest in games; was a good talker and debator and wrote for several publications, bearing the mom-de plume of "Free Lance." Graduated and went West and founded the Utah School for the Deaf at Ogden, and was rooted out of his job by a hearing man whom he had befriended; returned to New England and compiled a volumn of Law Briefs; went back West and founded a school in Arizona or Wyoming; died in Chicago and was buried by Rev. Phillip Hasenstab, in the Hasenstab private burial lot.

Besides those named there were several students not in the picture.

Those marked (\*) are known to be dead.

It was customary at the time for all upper class men to wear high hats and frock or Prince Albert coats.

J. W. M.

If you cannot find an opportunity, set to work and find one."



# Little Journeys in Bohemia

Being the Diary of an Art Student

By Kelly H. Stevens

(Continued from last month)

## La Vie Parisienne



NE new amusement which I have discovered in my strenuous chasing about for rooms is the study of Paris streets names. You can read the whole history of France in the names of the Paris streets—from the early Middle Ages down to the most recent wars, and the names of recent great men. Let me give you a few of the names that have survived from Mediæval times: "Street of the Little Fields" (there aren't any fields along it now, not even a tree); "Street of our Lady of the Fields"; "Street of the Old Dovecote"; "Street of the Hill of Saint Genevieve"; "Street of the Goldsmiths"; "Street of the Sous"; "Street of the Holy Fathers," etc. In fact, there haven't been enough streets to go around, so a street is often divided into sections, each named differently. One such street has six different names before it finishes its course, and there are many others that have even more divisions. The city is divided into twenty sections or arrondissements, each with its own mayor and its own city hall.

There was some excitement this week. The Reds tried to start a general strike, but were not supported by the labor unions. However, the Reds rioted, and a few got killed. It all happened in a distant section of

Paris. One has no such worries in Montparnasse. It is, or was, one the most respectable parts of Paris, and most of the American students are here. The artists and other cranks over in Montmartre have established a so-called "commune," elected a Red mayor and other mock officials, and have made themselves the laughing stock of Paris—perfectly harmless.

This afternoon I was going out to buy some ink to continue this scribbling, and out on the boulevard



"The Marche aux Navets." Each a one-man show.



A Mediæval Corner

the artists from Montmartre had set up their sidewalk exhibitions. They appeared like magic from the subway, put up wooden frames, and hung their daubs—each a one-man show. The exhibits stretched for blocks. I spent a couple of hours out there. The pictures were terrible—so bad I almost vomited—and the artists more so. Such poverty!—thin shrunken men and women, long hair, nervous gestures, pale faces, and ragged clothes. Greasy old neck cloths and costumes assembled from this and that until they looked for all the world like rag-bags. The whole spectacle was almost enough to disgust me with art for good. The poor creatures would be much happier if they dumped their weak daubs into the Seine and jumped in after them. They often jump in, but leave their pictures behind to a suffering world.

These poor outcastes of Montmartre represent, of course, those artists who have not enough talent to succeed in their chosen profession, and not enough energy or guts to drop it for a trade which would give them a decent living. They possess odd mentalities which would not let them fit in anywhere. They are obsessed with the idea that some day fame and wealth will step around the corner, and go on living their easy-going life of semi-privation until the end. They are banded together into loosely organized societies, have for their organ a paper called "*La Vache Enragee*"—*The Angry Cow*. Their work not being of sufficient artistic merit to make them eligible for the various salons and dealer's galleries, they are driven into the streets to exhibit, and hold these odd exhibitions in various parts of Paris in the

spring and fall. These exhibitions take odd names. The one I saw is called the Parsnip Market (*Marche aux Navets*) and there is another celebrated one called the "Breadcrust Fair" (*Foire aux Croutes*). Speaking of fairs, there is an antique fair held outside one of the gates of Paris every Sunday morning, called the Flea Fair, and another great antique fair in the city, held



*Miserable Daubs at the "Parship Fair"*

once a year, called the Ham Fair. Count on the French to invent whimsical names!

The Exposition des Arts Decoratifs is splendid. I have spent all the time I could spare there, even going evenings, studying the beautiful furniture, rugs, glassware, pottery and other examples of art applied to modern life. There is really a new style in evolution, based upon sound artistic principles—and in time it is going to spread to America, freeing us from our eternal slavery to the "period"—"The Periods" the gods of every American decorator afraid to depart from the Past to invent new beauty.

Four people eat at my table at this pension. There is Monsieur Muret, a jolly little Swiss bachelor of uncertain age, two nice girls, one Scotch and one Norwegian, and lastly myself. We all speak English together—in fact, the Swiss and the Norwegian are astonishingly good at it. There are forty or fifty people in the pension—all sorts of nationalities—I call it the Tower of Babel.

*October 22nd.*

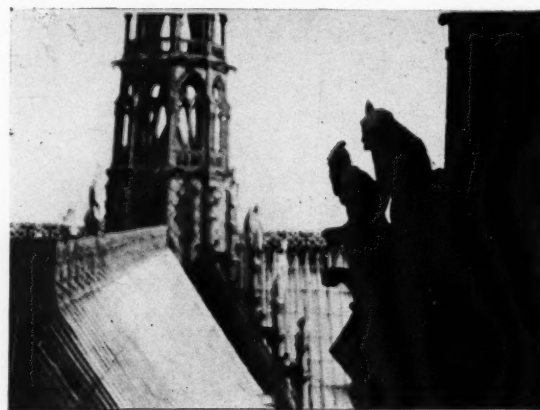
Am beginning to get used to Paris, to the French mode of living and to my school work, and no longer feel discouraged as I did the first few days. Something about my day—the maid rings *petit déjeuner*, or breakfast, to my room every morning, as is the French custom, and a big pitcher of hot water, and she wakes me up. The *petit déjeuner* is just a long roll of crisp, crunchy bread, butter, a little pitcher of very strong coffee (good!) and a larger pitcher of hot milk. With the coffee and milk you mix your *café-au-lait* in a bowl. Not much breakfast, but I like it better than our heavier ones. After eating I dress and catch the bus for school, the bus on good days, the metro or subway on bad. The bad days predominate. From the bus there is lots to see along the way. By nine I am in school. Am taking a course in advertising and illustration, later, perhaps some interior decoration. I like the school better every day. There are not too many students—less than one hundred and fifty—and they seem to be a very nice crowd of young folks. All of them are very friendly—the Americans are in the majority and most of these are from the South and West. There are a few French, English, Dutch, and a sprinkling of nationalities. All speak English tho. Somehow,

the school is very different from any other art school I have been in—it is very informal in tone, but with more purpose, the courses all being professional ones. You are made to feel that success depends largely upon your own efforts.

We stop at twelve and have lunch at a little cafeteria in the school run by some French people. You can pick up a good meal for around a quarter—five francs. We work again from one until three-thirty—it is necessary to stop rather early because of the short, dark days.

It is nearly an hour's walk back to the Pension after school hours. I try to walk every day the weather permits, but keep stopping to browse along the way. This afternoon it was in Notre Dame, climbing up among the gargoyles and in the two great towers, far above the roof, and getting wonderful vistas of Paris. Sometimes I linger in the Luxembourg Gardens. The last is a favorite playground of French children—they are very interesting, like all children. I must begin to make little sketches of them soon, before the cold drives them from the Gardens.

Parisian children are very interesting to watch. They are so different from American children. They have such pretty manners and are so gentle and quiet as compared with ours, but are fewer in numbers and hardly so big and healthy. Their parents take the best of care of them, always hanging over them, watching them, petting them—you would think the children would be spoiled or loved to death. I notice that parents require unquestioning obedience; the children mind, and behave, too! I have not yet seen one in tantrums. Their parents dress them so carefully and stylishly. They don't put rompers on them, cut nearly all their hair off, and tell them to run out and play. Their hair is dressed in all sorts of pretty and amusing fashions and they dress like little ladies and gentlemen. Sometimes, tho, I feel sorry for French children when I compare them with robust, unhampered American kids, especially for a child in a company of grown-ups which I have seen several times. The kid is told to go around and speak to and



*Climbing up among the Gargoyles*

greet everybody—and when his parents go away he is told to go around and kiss every one again, which he does.

*November 10th.*

Everybody happy today! A big bag of mail came to the School and everybody got a sheaf of letters. The mail comes in bunches, sometimes not a letter for anybody for days—then, when a ship comes in at Havre or Cherbourg, next day a sheaf of mail. You can guess I watch the

papers to note when the mail ships come in. Another trick I have learned is to watch the fluctuation of the franc, and when the exchange is very good rush to the bank to change my dollars. The exchange has been fine for Americans lately. Some days it goes over twenty-five francs for a dollar.

Today I have been in Paris just a month. The time has gone so fast. The longer I stay here, the better I like Paris and Parisian ways of living. I have grown used to the dark days, the rain on two days out of three, and other inconveniences I thought insupportable at first. And the loneliness is wearing off as I make new friends among the resident Americans. Yesterday, after school, it was tea in the apartment of some Spanish-Americans from Porto Rico. They were fine in every way. Today it was tea in the studio of an American lady (I can't call her old, tho she is a grandmother). She has two grown married sons in America and several grandchildren, but she does not look over forty-five, and is as active as a sparrow. She has lived in Paris for fifteen years off and on, served as a nurse during the war, and now paints and sculps in a little studio on the edge of Paris. She amuses herself with her art, has her own income, and does not wish to go home and live with her family. She lives in her studio, cooks her own meals, and has a general good time. All sorts of young people gather at the studio. While I was at her place, a young Russian and the daughter of an American college president came in, and we soon became very much interested. The young woman is a sculptor; wears sandals and a long bob held back with a fillet that makes her look very Greek.

You constantly see the oddest people here in Paris—the war has brought them from every corner of Europe and Asia. There are long-haired, meek-eyed Russians, fanatical-looking Asiatics, and dozens of peculiar types, mostly artists of some sort or another and the most useless set of people you can imagine. Nine-tenths of them have no real knowledge of art and cannot do good work, but they live on here in poverty and suffering, hoping that some day they will be famous and rich. Many of them are



*Wonderful Vistas of Paris from the Towers of Notre Dame*

Americans but the greatest number are Poles and Russians. I never met this type of artists in America. American artists have an eye to their bread and butter—they are quite practical folk and little different from other people. The young folks in the School here are typical young Americans, all doing good and practical work with a thought to the money that they'll earn at home later.

These queer arty types haunt the cafes in the evening

and when you come in, look at you with strange and haunting eyes. Mostly they are underfed and long-haired and dressed in any old outfit. I think that all of them are a little bit addled in the top story—this observation don't apply, tho, to those artists who come here for serious study and who are doing good work and making a living by their art—I hope this lets me out.

Then there are the chronic cafe hangers-on, or "spinners," who spend their afternoons in the cafes, just sitting.



*Riding the donkeys in the Luxembourg Gardens*

They come back in the early evening and just sit until the cafe closes in the early morning. You see them there, day after day, in their accustomed places, occupying room for hour after hour on the strength of a few drinks.

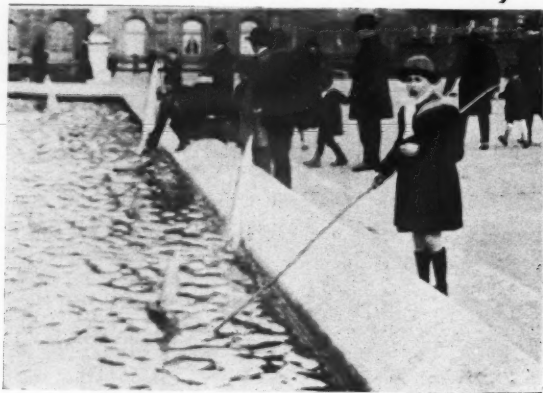
They discuss with other "spinners" all the business of heaven and earth, and when it is settled satisfactorily to them, order another drink, or when they are run down, they simply sit and stare. Many wrecked careers hover about the cafe tables. Many of the "spinners" are dope-fiends. They use the needle before coming to, or even in, the cafe, and sit for hours in a semi-coma surrounded by a mist of pleasant hallucinations.

The wrecks of many careers are debris of the cafe tables. The little iron or wicker chairs, the little round, marble-topped tables have seduced and undone many promising young people. Just one of the many is "that girl Flossy at the Rotonde," as they call her in Montparnasse. Flossy came to Paris several years ago with a bright career before her. She had been a star in Ziegfeld's Follies, and when Flo Ziegfeld discovered that she had a really promising voice, he sent her over to study at his own expense. Once in Paris, the lure of the white-topped tables and the little wicker chairs proved too much for Flossy. She began to drink heavily, oblivious to career and fame. When Flo Ziegfeld finally learned how Flossy was employing her time, he cabled "Beer, or career?" Flossy promptly cabled back "Beer." Today, Flossy is fat. She has lost both beauty and voice. She lives as she can.

I often wonder what the sober, hard-working and thrifty French think of all these strange people who infest Paris. They are too polite to say. The French themselves are very tolerant of individual peculiarities. They never expect everyone to conform to a fixed type, as we do at home. There are many fine qualities about the French I like—I am still somewhat at a loss to understand why the resident Americans generally detest the French so. Nearly every American I meet says that he dislikes them—but I suspect that his judgment is largely



drawn from small shopkeepers, etc. The business of living has grown so terribly hard for the masses since the war, and they have naturally grown embittered against well-to-do foreigners. Perhaps I get a more sympathetic picture from the French deaf. Perhaps their affliction has taught them to be kind. I hear them say they often receive scant consideration from hearing



*Sailing boats in the pool in the Luxembourg Gardens*

Parisians. I should think this fact draws them together and makes them more kind to each other and to foreign deaf people like myself.

One of the conveniences of Paris is the pneumatic letter. It is very useful to people like me who cannot use the phone and to others too, for the Paris telephone service is a standard chestnut. You get such a letter at the nearest post-office, of which there is one every few blocks, write your letter inside or make enclosure, seal it up and drop it in the slot. Inside of an hour your friend has your note, without your bothering to go, or to send someone else. The letter is blown by compressed air thru underground tubes which go all over Paris, and delivered by messenger at your friend's door. You tear off the perforated edge and thus open the letter.

The pension fare is very good—the most novel thing to me at first was the bread, which I have learned to like much better than American bread. This French bread is crisp and crunchy and makes you chew a lot—good both for the teeth and for the digestion. The flour used is not so fine; it contains more of the natural elements. The loaves are odd-looking. They are two or three inches in diameter and four to six feet long, much resembling rough, golden brown sticks. In the bakeries they stand up on end in piles, or lie in a rack like cordwood, and are delivered in a deep narrow basket like a bag for golf sticks. The bread is never wrapped—people carry the loaves under their arms as is; sometimes I see someone with a loaf longer than himself. I don't like the unsanitary feature, but one has to shut one's eyes to many things in Paris. There are stories of men using loaves for canes on their way home from market, and of drivers lashing their horses with a long loaf. Then there is the dog who runs errands. He comes into a certain bakery on the Boulevard Raspail every morning, with a coin in his mouth, and runs home with a loaf in its place! For breakfast I get a whack off a loaf—the piece is about a foot long. Breakfast bread is only about an inch and a half in diameter. I get a piece just the same length every morning—I suspect the pension folks measure it before cutting it off—for they are so stingy in dealing out sugar and a few other things.

### *Thanksgiving Eve.*

Dear Folks at Home, I'd give a lot to be with you all tomorrow—there ain't gonna be any Thanksgiving for me this year—tho the Lord knows I have a lot to be thankful for, and am. I don't happen to be thick enough with any Americans to be invited out for the day, and the French, of course, do not observe it. There is no school, so I am just going to forget it is Thanksgiving and spend the day in painting in the Museum of Decorative Arts.

Today was Saint Catherine's Day and all the French girls who have reached twenty-five or thereabouts without getting married dressed up in fancy costume and head dress and paraded the streets to celebrate their advent into spinsterhood. A French girl is supposed to be an "old maid" if she reaches that age without finding a husband. So these girls take the devil-may-care attitude and celebrate their independence. They elect a queen for the day. I saw plenty of fancy costumes on the streets today.

Armistice Day was rainy and bad, but the French decorated the whole city and I was thrilled to see so many American flags come out. There was a big parade which I did not bother to see, having been fed up on that stuff in Washington during the war.

I finally got my *Carte d' Identite*, which is a new rill the French have invented for the benefit (?) of foreigners sojourning for any length of time. You line the pockets of the city to the extent of sixty-eight francs (about \$3.00) the equivalent of taking out a license to live here. I had to have half a dozen photos taken, and turn them



*"A poor old Russian who has seen better days."*

over to the police, tell them my parent's names, when and where they were born, etc., as if it mattered anything to the police to know about people five thousand miles away. After giving all kinds of information I waited two weeks and then received a little booklet of identification with this picture, signature, etc., in it, which I

have to hang onto for dear life to avoid being sent out of the country. One cannot blame the French, tho. Since the war, Paris has become the mecca of all sorts of homeless people, and the French are sick and tired of the hordes of foreigners who have crowded in. They have to keep tab on them some way. The Americans are very numerous, but they have money to spend and are welcome. The Italians, Poles and Russians each outnumber the Americans and are not welcome as they deprive the French of their jobs since they can live on and work for less. The lot of the Russians is very sad—one

can pick them out of a crowd very easily by their long hair and sad eyes. They will do anything to earn a living, except hard labor which they were not accustomed to do before, these Russians being of the leisure class who had to get out or be shot. Here, they sing and dance in cafes, come into restaurants and serenade the guests, conduct bohemian eating places and pose as models in the art schools. Our model at School this week is a poor old Russian, white-haired and gentle, who has seen better days.

(To be continued)

## Romance of The Abbe De l'Epee

HOW HE EDUCATED THE COUNT DE SOLAR AND  
THE RESULT

**T**HIS month we celebrated the 215th anniversary of the birth of the Abbe de l'Epee, who was born in Versailles, France, November 24, 1712. He died in Paris December 23, 1789, at the age of 77.

How he began his work for the deaf by meeting two deaf and dumb sisters, his labor of love for a lifetime among the deaf is well known.

His work was not without its romance. The best known incident which shows how he completely identified himself with the interests of the deaf is the following which has a certain air of romance about it, but it is nevertheless nothing more than sober, historic truth.

A deaf and dumb boy was found one day wandering in the streets of Paris and immediately taken to de l'Epee, who received him as the gift of heaven and named him Theodore.

There was something in this lad which awakened an unusual interest in the Abbe's mind. His clothes were old and ragged, but his manners were polished, and his personal habits were those of one who had occupied a place in the highest class of society. The thoughts of the good Abbe were busily at work about his protegee. Perhaps in the forsaken child he saw the rightful heir of some great fortune; perhaps the outcast scion of some illustrious family.

But whatever his suspicions might be there was evidently no present method of ascertaining the truth in respect to him. Ignorant of all language, the youth was unable, of course, except in the most imperfect manner, to throw any light upon his early history.

Years passed on, however, and the mind of young Theodore became more and more developed under the instruction of his master, until he could communicate freely with him in relation to the events of his boyish life. All his recollections tended to confirm the Abbe in his first surmise, and with a generous indignation at the wrongs of his Theodore, he determined to spare no effort to restore him to his rightful position.

But how was this to be accomplished? The young man was ignorant of the name of his birthplace; he was ignorant even of his own name. He could only say he had been brought from some distant city; that his rich garments had been taken from him, and that, in the rags of a beggar, he had been left alone in the streets of Paris. In these circumstances of doubt and perplexity, the Abbe adopted a resolution which, to less ardent minds than his own, must have seemed completely quixotic in its benevolence.

Age and infirmity prevented him from going in person,

as he gladly would have done, on a pilgrimage to search for the home of his pupil, but he committed him to the charge of his steward and a well-instructed deaf-mute named Didier, with orders to visit every city in France and not to cease from their search until they had gained their object.

We cannot follow the three way-farers in their wanderings. Enough to say, that when all hope of success had nearly gone, they arrived in the environs of the City of Toulouse. Here, the rapidity of Theodore's signs and the emotions displayed on his countenance gave proof that he began to recognize the scenes of his childhood.

They entered the city and were passing slowly along one of the principal streets, when a sudden cry from the deaf and dumb youth, who had stopped in front of a splendid mansion, announced that his home was found.

It was the palace of the Count de Solar. Inquiries were immediately but cautiously made in respect to the Solar family, and they were told that the heir to the title and estate, a deaf and dumb boy, had died some years before in Paris. This was enough to satisfy them and they returned in haste to report their success.

In due time the case was brought before the proper tribunal by the Abbe de l'Epee and the Duke de Penthièvre, in behalf of the rightful heir, and a judgment was rendered restoring to Theodore the title and the property. But the affair was destined to afford a new illustration of the "law's delay." An appeal was made by the other party to the parliament of Paris; the judgment was suspended and the case remained for several years undecided, until upon the deaths of the Abbe and the duke, the influence of the party in possession prevailed, and Theodore was pronounced an imposter.

Theodore, who had become an accomplished young man of princely bearing, was heart broken, not only at the loss of his rightful inheritance but at the death of his beloved Abbe, found life intolerable. He was anxious only to close it with honor.

He joined a regiment of Cuirassiers in active service, and in his first battle, charging the enemy with reckless valor, he fell dead upon the field, overcome by great odds.

—Catholic Deaf-Mute.

### TO WHOM IT MAY CONCERN

The fisherman fished in the Bay  
He fished and he fished all day  
But the fish which he brought  
Were fish that he bought  
For the fish which he caught  
Got away.—*The Advance.*



# National Ass'n NADIO of the Deaf

Bradcasted by J. Frederick Meagher



**H**E was deaf and dumb. Very! Worthless in the oral classes—could not even bark. So they put the tiny tot in the backward class my wife used to teach. And kept him there, as a hopeless case. When all he needed was clarified signs and unlimited patience. (And patience is what my wife ain't got nothin' else but—so my friends state—else she could not stand my poetic eccentricities.)

That was over a dozen years ago. I just picked up the 64th Year Book of Gallaudet College, and scanned the names of the 51 students in the new entering class. "Clarence R. Olson, Washington State," ran the roll—and you will chuckle with me when you understand it was that "backward dumbbell" of auld lang syne!

For, verily, sometimes your dream ship really does come to port.

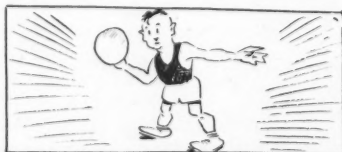


## HOW ABOUT ALEX PACH

"Don't you notice that the smaller a fellow is, the longer his name is?" writes H. T. Hofsteater, of Gallaudet in the *Journal*. To whom is Hoffy alluding? Me?

## DOWNES, ZOUNDS! UP HE BOUNDS

Associated Press dispatches state Leonard Downes, all-around athlete of Maryland, will be given a trial by the Washington team in the American League next spring. His brother used to star for Gallaudet College.



## A BLAZE OF GLORY

The first inter-scholastic basketball championship tournament of schools for the deaf was the 1925 mid-West affair at Indianapolis. Next year came the Eastern tournament lunched by Fred Moore, athletic editor of this *SILENT WORKER*. Last winter Chicago papers carried news of the formation of a Southern league, six state schools for the deaf competing in Atlanta. The latest venture is now reported from Texas, where Troy Hill is organizing a Rocky Mountain combine, so the *Iowa Hawkeye* states.

How fast a good idea grows apace!

What gets my goat is Atlanta's press-puff headed: "Thundering Silence Roars from Cheering Sections at This Meet," appeared in the bailiwick of the originators of the first tournament, when our own pioneers have never been mentioned.

Three times running even newspapers in the town holding our tournament—Indianapolis—neglected to print results or news or comment.

But this year's mid-West championships will be held next month in Jacksonville, Ill., and Robey Burns has engaged the Nadio Broadcaster to go down and put it on Associated Press wires, at his expense.

The Illinois, Indiana, Ohio, Michigan, Wisconsin, Kentucky, Missouri, Minnesota and maybe several other schools are expected to compete in the new \$65,000 Illini gymnasium, on which \$20,000 additional has been spent for equipment.

May I not suggest that Coaches Norris, Burns and Moore get together and confer by mail on the possibility of arranging a 1928 national championship tournament between the winners of the various sections—to be held at either Jacksonville, Indianapolis or Trenton, according to which of the three cities is most likely to draw a crowd sufficient to pay traveling expense of the visiting teams? That would be a splendid opportunity for advantageous press-copy.



## DENVER'S PUBLICITY

What is the feeling most gleesome and glorious?

What brings a glad, glowing gleam in the eye?

What makes us feel we are vast and victorious—

Monarchs of Mutedom, each standing Ace-high?

Faith 'tis the tale of our doings and dress

Printed each day in the powerful press!

Denver had 87 conventions last summer, 14 in July alone! When conventions are so frequent, it would seem a tiny gathering like our National Fraternal Society of the Deaf would be comparatively ignored by the newspapers.

Instead we received more—and better—publicity than any deaf convention in history!

Registering at Hotel Cosmopolitan early Monday morning, we promptly paid our dollar for badge and program—being reminded of St. Paul by the committee's assurance that wearers of the badge would get "value received." (And, unlike St. Paul, we really did.) Then I hunted up Chairman "Thunderin' Tom" Northern and Secretary-Publicityman Homer Grace of the local committee, asking: "How you hombres fixed for publicity?"

Those two busy birds paused a moment to give me the low-down. They explained they had all Denver news-



papers cooperating nicely—except Bonfil's *Post*. And *The Post* had more circulation and influence than almost all the others combined.

You know how it is: some dead-and-forgotten trifles "sour" certain papers on us deaf, sometimes, and thereafter we are never mentioned except in sneering and belittling terms. Like the *Chicago Tribune* used to.

"We have tried to interest *The Post*, and failed. You claim to be a newspaperman; if you want to see what you can do, hop to it," the weary committeemen told me. And they tried to hide a sly grin.

I went at my own expense; for a good time. Newspaper work is no vacation for a newspaperman—but that grin settled it. Faith, Bridget darlint, and did ever an honest Irishman decline a challenge?

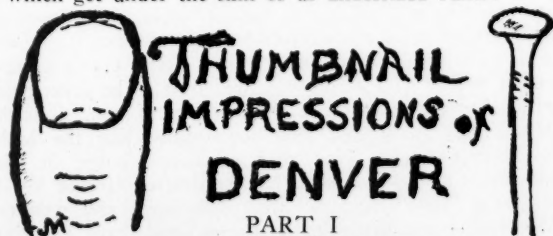
I taxied to *The Post* and asked that surly brute at the City Desk to let me cover the convention for his sheet. He looked me over unfavorably. Excuse him; I am only 5-ft.-2; weight around 115-lbs., and have a face as intelligent and handsome as an African baboon. He snorted. I flashed my *Chicago Police Press* pass. He snorted again; wavered a moment; then suddenly decided to take a chance, and writing: "Work with Miss Strauss," he waved me to the most winsome girl reporter in the room.

So far luck was with us. And luck doubled when I walked over and introduced myself to the young lady. A puzzled glance and we were friends for life. For that Helen Strauss used to work on the *Chicago Hearst* papers with me. A beautiful girl with courage and cunning, she was known as "Princess Pat" and covered the gunman and gangland stories!

You must understand each newspaper has its own peculiar style; there are certain things each different City Ed will never pass, and certain styles which must be followed by the reporters. I furnished the news; Miss Strauss would slap it into shape and attend to the details. Thereafter I would breeze in early each morning and leave Miss Strauss a lot of items to work into the peculiar style observed on the *Post*, which would appear in the early editions. Later she would bob up at Hotel Cosmopolitan and I would steer her around to various individuals I surmised might have a story in them. She would trot back to the office and her story would appear in the late afternoon edition the same day, hot off the griddle.

Instead of a good "spread" the first two days, gradually dwindling to nothing at all—as is usual with conventions—Miss Strauss was able to give us bang-up "spreads" every single day all week! One sheet—two pages—of Wednesday's final alone had seven feet and eight inches of deaf news and pictures: a record. At \$5 per inch, that would represent \$460 of free advertising for us deaf on one sheet! !!

All because "Thunderin' Tom" and "Homeless" Homer happened to grin one of those patronizing grins of big men which get under the skin of us undersized runts!



When great conventions open  
With glory envelop—  
Our pride and pomp and panoply paraded for the press,  
Each one of us is fated  
To feel a thrill, elated  
To think we are part of it; oh my, oh me, oh yes!

Monday morning, July 11 . . . Opening ceremonies at Denver's municipal auditorium—comfortably filled and uncomfortably hot . . . Thermometer registers 92 degrees outside . . . Shades of Washington's 1926 Turkish bath convention, will history repeat itself? . . . Edwin Hazel, the parliamentary kidding, and I escort Miss Strauss to a front row seat. (Little men like to show-off, you know. So seldom we get a chance to disprove the WAE theory.)

The customary hokum by hearing dignitaries on the stage . . . Responded to just as hokumly by Art Roberts and Tom Anderson—born with the gift of gab . . . "Hank" Anderson not on deck; mebbly he lost the house address. His last chance ever to address a public gathering as president . . . Five pretty girls wind-mill something about: "Thy rocks and rills and stills, My buzzum with rapture thrills, From every mountain side let Freedom ring." Probably praising Colorado scenery, a la Los Angeles . . . "Freedom," eh? Freedom of the press, that's what I want. Wanted it at St. Paul. And look what they gave me!

Gibson, the "Grand Old Frat," arises. So does the crowd. Every man except a few Tammany die-hard. . . . I call Miss Strauss' attention to this whole souled ovation, and advise her to hammer away on the Gibson motif . . . Also tip her annent the customary erratum of unposted newspapermen annent "the wonderful new methods of teaching the deaf-dums to talk," "them poor deefs," etc . . . Her work the balance of the week proves she gets the viewpoint! Strauss stresses suitable subjects superbly, and straffes supercilious and sycophant status . . . Cut that out—or Publisher Porter will run out of ssssssssses

Opening ceremonies over, we walk back to the Cosmopolitan . . . Beautiful day; beautiful city; beautiful crowd . . . Except the Tammany contingent . . . Anon Miss Strauss brings a cameraman from the *Post*; wants quick action on a "how deaf make love" picture . . . I line up a few handsome young Romeos, and she selects George Cowan, a Pittsburgh printer, as the type . . . I ask Mrs. Regina Harvat of Denver to pose as Juliet—and she declines! Honest; cross-my-heart-and-hope-to-die! . . . Didja ever before hear of a pretty girl refusing to let the newspapers photograph her? . . . I crossly tell Mrs. Harvat to fetch some other local beauty, and she produces Virginia Johnson, aged 17, a pupil in the Colorado school (she was married soon after the convention.)

We proceed to a committee-room, followed by a dozen interested on-lookers. Well-meaning, of course, but bound to get in the way. . . Whew, what a hot day. . . Neither Cowan nor Virginia ever sat for press-pix before, and I have to sweat to arrange them in suitable Romeo and Juliet poses. . . Finally have Cowan set, forming the letters "I L Y" on one hand—signifying "I Love You." Virginia needs more coaching to register just the proper amount of polite disdain, knees crossed in flapper mode, starting to spell "No."



Finally get them posed just right, and signal cameraman to shoot — wait, another deaf man butts - in and asks what I am doing. As if he had no eyes to see with! . . . Ye Gods and little fishes! This is too much! . . . I tell him to go to a hotter place than Denver. . . He does not go

there... Instead he flashes a police star and stands on his legal (?) right to know when and where and how and why and what am I doing.

Tin Star, eh? Keystone Cop Bunk! Before the war I rode posse, and lugged around a tin star myself—out in Vancouver, Wash. So I know by experience how hard it is resist the temptation to awe uninitiated smaller chaps with a bombastic display of authority... Should not blame Tin Star—but this consarn heat has my nanny... Rapidly recalling the hours I spent memorizing Voorhes "Law of Arrest," I figure out that if Tin Star is acting for the Hotel, he lays it open to a cinch civil suit for damages; while if he is acting for the deaf of Denver, or the committee, it will serve them right when the papers play up the opera bouffe... And the newspapers will eat the story alive—all over the country—for a crack reporter is right on the spot... So I throw the big brute out of the room... But Cowan jumps in before either an arrest or a knock-out, and Tin Star skeedaddles off—presumably to summon Army, Navy, Police, Knights of Pythias and the Denver Turnverein... Miss Strauss must feel she is back in dear old Chicago, covering Capone's gang wars.



With only a few more interruptions, we shoot pictures of the Romeo-Juliet duo, the Hazels, and the sign-singers... All these appear in *The Post* inside the next three days.

Indeliably lined  
On the tablet of my mind  
Is the laddie-buck who blithely butted-in  
As we took a photograph—  
No, dear heart, please do not laugh—  
With a tiny toy tin-star beneath his chin.

Since then I have heard over a dozen versions of this incident, each one more far-fetched than the last... And each gives me a hearty chuckle... At this rate, pretty soon Dame Rumor will stretch the story to state it took the whole police force to keep me from dynamiting the Hotel to destroy the Tammany machine!

Monday afternoon... Temperature still over 90... Glimpses of sweltering delegates going through their tedious organization process as we pass the Cosmopolitan's rear windows, en route to the sight-seeing busses Roland Tansey of the local committee secured... Dang it; will there ever be a local committee of the deaf with brains enough to give that proper prior-service to gentlemen of the press that hearing conventions do?... Guess I'll have to slug a few friends to get a seat... Approacheth a stranger, L. W. Richardson, a Los Angeles tailor. "I have room for one more in my Overland sedan; three bright peaches aboard, so hop in," says he. May all the saints in Heaven bless his head; hop in I do... Find my companions are little Kate Jones, deputy bookkeeper to the County Treasurer of Oneida County (Malad, Idaho); Junoesque Cora Hitesman, a drapery expert of San Francisco; and Emma Maser, Comptometer operator in a Lincoln (Neb.) flour mill... All three are young, charming, and far above average in intellect... For three hours life is one glad sweet song—bright breezy banter, cheerful chatter and superb sights... Forgotten are politics and Tin Stars... Denver is beautiful—both inside and outside of that Californian sedan.

Over a Sundae Richardson relates one of his latest adventures. Driving from Los Angeles to Chicago, he left Rock Springs (Wyoming) the evening of June 22, when his Overland caught in a cattle-guard crossing the railroad tracks, and a wheel broke... Discerning an approaching train, he and his companion, Frank ("Red") Patrick, lit pieces of paper and waved their coats. Stopping a few feet from the disabled auto, the train crew hopped off and hastily lit red flares just in time to flag a train coming from the opposite direction. Which neither deaf man had noticed. The combined crews then managed to lift the Overland off the tracks and the trains proceeded. "But," Richardson paled again as he said it, "But neither of us fellows slept a wink all night!"

Balmy, bright and breezy,  
Fast and free and easy  
In dreamy, creamy, mystic mazes prance  
Breeding, brains and beauty.  
Delegates, your duty  
Is teaching dainty damsels how to dance!

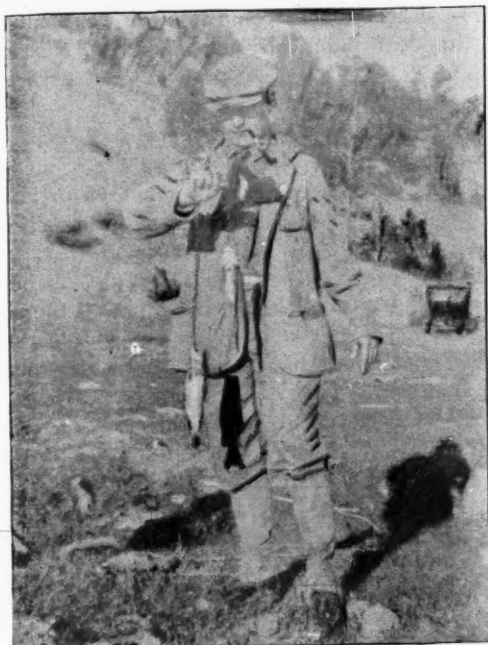
Monday evening... The reception... Hotel Cosmopolitan's splendid and spacious Hall of Colorado—capacity 1200 dancers—all decked out like a Christmas tree... So are the receptioners.

Who is this at the door? Hobart Bosworth, star of the "Covered Wagon?" No; it is reception-chairman E. Whitaker—a mountain of a man with a face carved from frozen granite... He admits none but those wearing badges... Approacheth the venerable Veditz, the pride of Colorado and one of the few really BIG men of American Deafdom... It seems Veditz left his badge on his other suit upstairs; he tries to argue Whitaker into admitting him without it, as he is local delegate. "You know me, brother dear; it is too hot to go way back upstairs for my bunting, and deck out like a blue-ribbon winner in a dahlia show!" Veditz's suave eloquence falls on Whitaker's deaf ear; so he goes away to get his badge... Onlookers are favorably impressed—at last a convention which lives up to its promise to give "value received" for the \$1 registration fee (St. Paul please note)... If even the pride of Colorado can't expect favors, neither can others—and there is a noticeable exodus of hangers-on in the general direction of the registration desk.

Inside a long receiving-line of super-WAEists. Mostly officials and their wives, but the usual tail-end sprinkling of poppycock pests who horn-in to show-off and impress *hoi poloi* with their fancied importance... Best way to discourage this practice is to give them my wrestler's grip—seldom used since the last time I won the national amateur flyweight championship in 1919... They "ouch"—but a big man should never strike a wee little feller like me... No, never... At least not in public... Being a sawed-off shrimp has its advantages, at times!

Vice-chairman J. Leon Harvat is "welcomer" of the evening... Harvat, Harvat? Sounds familiar. Oh, yes—must be husband of that remarkably beautiful woman who refused to be photographed that afternoon... She turns to be as ultra-intelligent a deaf girl as ever powdered her nose. You decide you are going to be great pals with Harvat: and—quite incidentally, of course—with Mrs... But, somehow, you don't quite like the look in Harvat's eye. Nor that suspicious bulge in his hip-pocket... You recall having read in Herold Well Bright's "The Virginian" that those wild and woolley Westerners sometimes pack a gun, and have peculiar ideas—quite at variance to the mode of New York and Chicago... Oh, well, never mind; let's amble away and leave the Harvats alone... The name Harvat sounds too much like Harvard, anyway, and you always did sympathize with Yale.

I maintain my proud distinction—a title conferred by the experienced at Chicago's Silent A. C.—of being the champion cloghopper corn-developer of dancedom...



### TWO ON ONE LINE

First and only authorized photo which actually shows vice-chairman J. Leon Harvat gnashing his teeth to keep back the tears, as he sadly surveys two poor little fishies caught on one line at the same time. They were handsome fish, sound of wind and limb. Equipped with the standard number of scales, fins and gills. One tail apiece. It took the reception-night chairman just four minutes and 41 seconds, standard Mountain time, to accomplish this remarkable feat. Harvat has all the data on hook, line and sinker, while the worm—according to the police—refused to make a statement.

No women ever dances with me a second time. Unless she is after publicity... I ought to get a commission from the Blue Jay Corn Plaster Co. for every ball I attend.



"May I have the next dance, Strut again the next prance?"  
I asked as fat old fraters always should.  
She—whom I'd been leading—  
Begged, in manner pleading:  
"No; please don't punish me; oh; I'll be good!"



The beaming face of Delegate Jaffray (Toronto, Canada) right in the front row... "Why are you sitting here?" "Oh, just to sit," says he... I point out the huge Canadian flag decorating the wall behind him, and he expresses pleased surprise; but avers he did not

purposely pick out that chair... Far be it from me to call a beloved brother a liar—but he smiles the smile of the cat that swallowed the canary!

"You remind me of Napoleon," says Mrs. Foster D. Gilbert, en route from Akron to her new home in Los Angeles. I swell with pride and inquire how so. "Both of you are short—and fat," she explains, "Some men grow, others just swell." "That's swell, isn't it?" I shoot back, trying to hide my mortification... Mrs. Gilbert does not get a Christmas card from me this year!

After the ball is over,  
After the dance is done,  
There's nothing to do old rover,  
Until tomorrow's sun.

Nearing midnight when the last lights go out on the glamor and the glory of the bunting at the ball... It is still hot; and many disperse for ice-cream parlors... Two-by-two; 2x2... The two principal factors operating against most men's peace of mind are blondes and brunettes... But mine are politics and politicians... Misery loves company. But company never loves misery. Which makes me far from the most popular coot in the kennel... Ah, the Edwin Hazels: one can always depend on them to spring some new phrases, or bring up some subject to take a fellow's mind off his troubles. Invite them cut for some ice cream, along with Miss Geraldine Gibbons, the Chicago beauty who sign-sung my song at the Washington Nad convention a year ago... Edwin's best bright-remark of the evening is; "Tammany yearns to spread manure on your grave;" while his wife's was: "Pull out your eyes and polish them."

At 1:30 the lobby is deserted... Lights go out... What can I do? Newspapermen who habitually work until sun-up every night are unable to drop off to sleep until nearly dawn on their nights off... So I prowled around by my lonesome—a great stunt for working-up ideas and mapping-out press stories... You ought to try it some night... Yes, do... Then YOU can write convention "thumbnails" just as good as this!

At 3 o'clock I hit the hay... Guess I'll have to go all week on only two to three hours sleep a night, since Miss Strauss wants her dope around seven each morning... This will leave me on the ragged edge when convention closes... (And it did!)

(To be continued)

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Next month:—Exclusive Nadio story of the "sub"—son of a deaf couple—who got his chance to get into the game and electrified the sporting public all over America by an amazing form-reversal in the National intercollegiate championships. Accompanied by a remarkable photo. Also a would-be-humorous account of the Denver banquet. And the triumph of the "Grand Old Frat." Order your copy now. Not on sale at all news-stands. If you can't find a friend who is sucker enough to lend you his copy of the February SILENT WORKER (he will probably never get it back) you will have to go without this literary treat unless you subscribe. *Do it now.*

"Bobby," inquired his pa, "did you wash your face before the music teacher came?"  
the music teacher came?"

"Yep."

"And your hands?"

"Yep."

"And your ears?"

"Well," said Bobby, "I washed the one that would be next to her."



# The Silent Worker

[Entered at the Post office in Trenton as Second Class Matter]

ALVIN E. POPE, Editor.  
GEORGE S. PORTER, Associate Editor and Business Mgr.

The Silent Worker is published monthly from October to July inclusive by the New Jersey School for the Deaf under the auspices of the New Jersey State Board of Education. Except for editing and proof-reading this magazine represents the work of the pupils of the printing department of the New Jersey School for the Deaf.

The Silent Worker is the product of authors, photographers, artists, photo-engravers, linotype operators, job compositors, pressmen and proof-readers, all of whom are deaf.

Subscription price: \$2.00 a year positively in advance. Liberal commission to subscription agents. Foreign subscriptions, \$2.50; Canada \$2.25.

Advertising rates made known on application.

All contributions must be accompanied with the name and address of the writer not necessarily for publication, but as a guarantee of good faith. Articles for publication must be sent in early to insure publication in the next issue.

Rejected manuscripts will not be returned unless postage is enclosed.

Address all communications to

THE SILENT WORKER, Trenton, N. J.

Vol. 40

January 1928

No. 4



## In This Issue and Our Next

Our New Year greetings are expressed on the outside cover of this number in the form of a tint background. It is repeated so many times it is reasonable to believe that it will not escape the eye of a single reader.

Inside of the cover are the usual interesting features. Mr. Pach's continuation story of his trip to the Pacific Coast last summer will make you wish you could live in Sunny California, especially in Los Angeles.

And there are the scintillating, enlivening and mirth-provoking nadiograms of Mr. Meagher. He has a style all his own.

Then there is Kelly Stevens' continuation of his European travels done up in masterly style, both entertaining and instructive.

If you are not a subscriber and in the habit of borrowing, you will be WISE to send in your subscription now and be sure you do not miss the coming issues.

We are putting the January issue through two weeks earlier than is customary because our hard working force wants a two-weeks' holiday vacation. We are compelled to go to press without the interesting monthly letters of Mr. Crutcher, Mr. Mueller, Mr. Howson and Mr. Hill. We suspect their tardiness is due to partaking of too much Thanksgiving dinner. This omission will without doubt be made up by extra good letters in our February issue.

## Dr. Albert Hayne Walker

Dr. Albert Hayne Walker, president of the Florida State School for the Deaf and Blind, passed

suddenly on Monday afternoon, November 21st, after having finished a round of golf at the St. Augustine Country Club.

The deceased was connected with the education of the deaf practically all his life. His father, Dr. Newton F. Walker, who died last February, was superintendent of the South Carolina School for the Deaf at Cedar Spring for many years. Albert as a boy was brought up in the atmosphere of the school and it is no wonder therefore that when he grew up to manhood he should receive an appointment to teach the deaf.

To his credit Albert Hayne Walker made the Florida School at St. Augustine, one of the best in the country.

The deaf loved him because he understood and loved them.

The Florida School in particular and the teaching profession in general has lost a good friend and a wise counsellor.

His nephew, W. Laurens Walker, Jr., has been appointed acting president during the remainder of the school year.

## The De l'Epee Memorial

We understand that an effort will be made by the De l'Epee Memorial Committee to have the memorial completed by the time the N. A. D. meets again in 1929.

Isn't it about time that the Committee began to consider the selection of a sculptor. The proper procedure is to advertise for bids—sculptors to submit designs in plaster and the one that comes nearest to meeting the ideals of the committee be appointed to do the work.

Since the deaf world has sculptors of national and international fame, why not limit the bids to deaf sculptors.

America has one deaf sculptor of note. His name is Tilden. His reputation has long since been established. His works adorn the City of San Francisco and the Golden Gate Park.

Tilden is a thinker of a very high order and possesses that rare facility of interpreting his visions into plaster.

It will not be necessary for the Committee to reach out into foreign countries when we have at our door an American deaf sculptor of such high standing as Tilden.

Hearing sculptors have one hundred million hearing people to look after them, and the fifty thousand deaf may very well look after the only American sculptor they have.

We American sculptors could not interfere in European art affairs as is very proper, and it is contrary to reason that European artists should be allowed to take American orders.

When it comes to making the selection, we do not consider it wrong or a display of favoritism for the Committee invested with the power of selec-

tion to name Tilden as the sculptor and thereby glorify the American deaf. The SILENT WORKER invites discussion.

## National Association of the Deaf

ARTHUR L. ROBERTS, *President*, 358 E. 59th St., Chicago, Ill.

MARCUS L. KENNER, *First Vice-President*  
200 West 111th Street, N. Y. City

C. BELLE ROGERS, *Second Vice-President*  
Cedar Spring, So. Carolina

F. A. MOORE, *Secretary and Treasurer*  
School for the Deaf, Trenton, N. J.



OLOF HANSON, *Board Member*  
4747-16 Ave; N. E., Seattle, Wash.

MICHAEL LAPIDES, *Board Member*  
Box 4051, Portland, Oregon

WILLIAM SCHAUB, *Board Member*  
5917 Highland Ave; St. Louis, Mo.

*Organized 1880. Incorporated 1900. An organization for the Welfare of all the Deaf*

A Merry Christmas to everybody.

Make your Christmas all the merrier by joining the Association.

### Attention, Organizers

Organize your territory.

Appoint agents or personal representatives in large centers of deaf population.

Try to have your agents get into personal touch with the deaf. Long range correspondence is often of little value, and therefore expensive.

District agents will report to State Organizers, and State Organizers will report to the President as to results attained.

Organizers will endeavor to collect all dues in their territory. They will also endeavor to obtain new members, and contributions to the Endowment Fund.

A commission of 20 per cent is allowed on all collections for the Endowment Fund. No commission will be allowed on Initiation Fees and Annual Dues.

Organizers will be responsible for Fees and Dues collected in their territory reaching the N. A. D. Treasurer. Organizers and agents will give receipts for all Fees, Annual Dues, and Contributions to the Endowment Fund. Receipt blanks may be obtained on application to the Secretary.

The initiation fee is \$1.00, and the annual dues thereafter are likewise \$1.00.

The endowment Fund is now over \$10,000 and the Executive Committee is anxious to push it over the \$15,000 mark during this administration.

Open a strenuous campaign for life members.

In outlining the work of the N. A. D. to those you desire to interest, tell them that the National Association of the Deaf was founded by a group of enterprising deaf men in Cincinnati, Ohio, in 1880; that it is an organization that works for the welfare of the Deaf in every way possible. Drive home the objects of the Association, some of which are:

To educate the Public as to the Deaf;

To advance the intellectual, professional, and industrial status of the Deaf;

To aid in the establishment of Employment Bureaus

for the Deaf in the State and National Departments of Labor;

To oppose the unjust application of Liability Laws in case of Deaf Workers;

To combat unjust discrimination against the Deaf in the Civil Service or other lines of employment;

To co-operate in the improvement, development, and extension of educational facilities for Deaf children;

To encourage the use of the most approved and successful methods of instruction in schools for the Deaf, the adaptation of such methods to the need of individual pupils, and to oppose the indiscriminate application of any single method to all;

To seek the enactment of stringent laws for the suppression of the imposter evil—hearing persons posing as deaf-mutes;

To raise an Endowment Fund, the income of which is to be devoted to the furthering of the objects of the Association;

To erect a National Memorial to Charles Michael de l'Epee, the universal benefactor of the Deaf;

To combat unjust discrimination against the deaf in the use of the automobile;

To preserve the sign-language in its idealistic state;

To be of useful service to the deaf in every way

### Does Your Thorax Need Warming Up?

We'll let you in on a good scheme, if you want to feel good and warm around the upper left region of your thorax.

Here's how:

Do a little inquiring around, about among your friends. Ask 'em if they know of some good old scout—male or female—nationality, creed or age no bar, only he or she must be white—who is having a lot of trouble to "make both ends meet" and who wishes "like anything" to join the N. A. D. or to pay past dues.

Then send us his or her fee or dues. We will play the part of "Santa Claus" for you, and in your name.

Try it and see if it doesn't warm up that old upper left region.

It's a wonderful scheme.

# Angelenograms

By Augusta K. Barrett

## CRAFTSMEN

The work that his hands have made  
Is the singer's delight;  
Touch after touch well laid  
It grows in his sight;  
A bit of his dreaming soul  
Shows in the tool's control—  
The soul of a lover.

The song that his notes have made  
Is the singer's delight;  
Careless and unafraid  
He sings through the night;  
Stray gleams and magic glints  
Lost dreams and hidden hints  
His song can discover.

Mine be the singer's joy,  
The craftsman's delight,  
Though but an idle toy  
Come into light;  
Still in the framing it  
My soul may beauty hit,  
Calm, may recover.

—GEORGIA E. BENNETT, in "Vagrants."

**A**N ENCOURAGING of the gratitude of the deaf to their benefactors is seen in the yearly observance of December 10th, the birthday of Thomas Hopkins Gallaudet, the founder of the first school for the deaf in the United States at Hartford, Connecticut, in 1817. In some places the popular form of celebration is to have a banquet, at which the incidents of Rev. Gallaudet's career are again recounted. The story is always new to some young people and older ones too who have come over to us from the ranks of the oralists. The Los Angeles deaf will have a program appropriate to the day at the meeting of the Los Angeles Silent Club, December 10th. They will have a banquet too, the night of December 9th, which is being arranged by a volunteer committee, not under the auspices of any club.

So far as we know the only play written about the events and incidents of T. H. Gallaudet's life is the one written by Dr. J. Schuyler Long, of the Iowa School for the Deaf, a number of years ago, and published by *THE SILENT WORKER*, in booklet form. We saw this play acted on the stage of the Iowa School and also at the Nebraska School. We think it an acceptable variation of the usual program of addresses, for clubs or church organizations for the deaf, who have rooms where the actors can meet for rehearsals. "Gallaudet and his School" is the title of the little play, which is in four scenes. The material embodied in the play is historically accurate. With the lapse of years the story of Thomas Hopkins Gallaudet's trip to Europe to learn methods of educating the deaf becomes a hazy memory, so it will bear repeating briefly.

Mr. Gallaudet went to Europe in 1815, going first to the London School for the Deaf and Dumb, which had been established by a Mr. Braidwood. To him and to Dr. Watson, an instructor there he explains his wish of acquiring knowledge of methods of teaching the deaf, so that he could start a school in America. He received no encouragement from Mr. Braidwood, who did not want to divulge his methods. After Mr. Braidwood had left the room, he learned from Dr. Watson that there was a school in Scotland. We quote a bit of their dialogue in the play:

Watson.—There is one in Scotland, at Edinburg, under Mr. Kinnibur but you could get no assistance there as he learned his methods from Braidwood and is under bonds to keep them a secret.

Gallaudet.—I do not understand why there should be secrecy in a matter of this kind. I presume I shall have to return to America and report the failure of my trip.

Watson.—There is a school in Paris, and the Abbe Sicard, the head of the school is now in London, I understand. You might see him.

Gallaudet.—You say he is an abbe, or priest? He will doubtless be more generous. I have heard of this school and of the philanthropic spirit of the late Abbe de l'Epee and doubtless Sicard is like him. How did the Paris school get its start?

Watson.—De l'Epee one time met two sisters who were deaf and being struck by the sadness of their condition and desirous of teaching them of God he made an effort to instruct them, was successful, and thereupon he founded a school for other deaf children in Paris. He invented and his assistants. However, we consider Braidwood's and his assistants. However, we consider Braidwood's methods superior.

Gallaudet.—Do you know where I can find Mr. Sicard?

Watson.—You will probably find him at the hotel Royal in London.

Gallaudet.—Thank you; I will look him up. Good day.

It must have been the hand of Providence that had guided Sicard and Gallaudet to their meeting in London on that fortunate day. The good Abbe invited Mr. Gallaudet to visit his school in Paris. After a visit to the school in Edinburg, and learning nothing of the Braidwood methods there he went to visit Abbe Sicard's school and there was given every facility for acquiring his methods. At the Institution he remained a close student in order to master the methods as soon as possible and was thus enabled to accomplish his desire in less than a year. He returned to America bringing with him Laurent Clerc, a graduate of the Paris institution, who had become one of Sicard's assistants, and Clerc assisted Rev. Gallaudet in teaching, when the Hartford School was opened, on April 15th, 1817. Gallaudet taught Clerc English and Clerc taught him signs. Dr. Cogswell, on a visit to the school remarked, "It seems a little, strange to use French methods in teaching, it would seem more natural to use English ways." Gallaudet replied, "It is easy to apply the methods to English. The signs express ideas rather than words and there is no grammar to observe."

On the whole we are thankful that Braidwood kept his methods a secret as it led to the acquiring of the sign language of the Abbe de l'Epee, by the American deaf.

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The Evangelical Association of the Deaf, of Los Angeles, is now well organized and is getting along fine. The E. A. D., as it is called for short, holds Union services every Sunday, at 3 P. M., at the First Congregational Church, 845 South Hope Street. The minister in charge is Rev. Clarence E. Webb. Prof. J. A. Kennedy is his assistant; Mr. Norman V. Lewis is the Warden; Mr. E. C. Paxton is the Treasurer, and Mrs. N. V. Lewis is the Parish Visitor. The E. A. D. in October began the publication of *The Evangelical Messenger*, a monthly



paper, undenominational and non-sectarian, published in the interest of the religious welfare of the deaf. The subscription price is 50 cents per year. The editor and publisher is Clarence E. Webb, 3955 S. Hobart Blvd., Los Angeles, Calif. Mr. Webb is a highly educated gentleman who gradually became deaf after being many



*Joe McMann, enjoying his vacation at Eureka, Cal.*

years in the hearing ministry. He can still hear some when wearing the acousticon. It is certainly true, as he says in his opening editorial, "That there is both need and room for a distinctively religious and undenominational paper for the deaf, none, who are acquainted with the religious conditions among the deaf, will deny." Further on he says:—Many of the deaf are living remote from any city or town where any religious services are held, even occasionally. Among these there are always some religiously disposed persons who gladly welcome any means or suggestions by which they could interest their fellow-deaf in religion. A monthly periodical, published at a nominal subscription price, and devoted exclusively to the religious welfare of the deaf could furnish them just such aids and suggestions as they need to create and help sustain a religious atmosphere wherever, in city, or country district, a small company of the deaf can be gotten together for prayer and Bible study—hence our 'Venture.'

"The subscription price of the paper, 50 cents per annum (twelve issues), will not much more than pay the cost of wrapping and mailing. We have faith to believe that all sincere Christian friends and relatives of the deaf who are at all interested in the religious welfare of the deaf will support this faith venture of ours, and will make such subscriptions, or donations, as they are financially able to do. To all such persons a detailed financial statement will be sent upon request. Thank you!"

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The Deaf Citizens Protective League of California, had a public meeting at the rooms of the Athletic Club

of the Deaf, the night of November 11th. This League was organized in 1923, to protect the drivers of automobiles from hostile legislation or other discrimination in this state. It is composed of deaf auto owners of California, who at the time of organization contributed sums ranging from 50 cents to \$100. It was understood and so stated in their By-Laws that should the time come when there would be no further need of such a League, that it would be dissolved and the money returned to the donors. It is governed by a Northern and Southern Committee.

The meeting was presided over by Mr. W. H. Rothert, who had been elected Treasurer to the place left vacant by the death of the late W. H. Phelps. He announced the Treasury to be in good condition. He said the question before the meeting was whether the League should be dissolved or not. Quite an interesting discussion followed, showing the sentiment was against dissolution, and various suggestions for re-organization were made. After consulting with the Northern members, Mr. Rothert will submit the plan for re-organization to the members at another mass meeting.

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Early in October another club was launched, the Sphinx Athletic Club, composed of young deaf men. They expect to raise funds and organize a football team. Their rooms at 327½ So. Hill St., are open every day to the members, and on Wednesday and Sunday nights to ladies.

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Mr. and Mrs. Charles C. McMann early in October motored to Berkeley, making a leisurely trip and calling



*Joseph McMann, son of Mr. and Mrs. C. C. McMann*

on some of the deaf on their route. One of their stops was at Selma, the home of Mrs. Wildey Meyers, who

is on the Home Fund Committee, of which Mr. McMann is chairman. Here was received the first contribution for the Fund from Mrs. Elizabeth Smith, who gave \$2.50 she had earned from the sale of a crazy patch-work quilt, made by herself. Joseph McMann, their son, is this year again attending the University of Washington, at Seattle.

His parents may motor up there to visit him next Spring. They enjoyed making the trip to Seattle in their auto last April and had good luck both going and returning on the Coast Highway.

❖ ❖ ❖

One of the best entertainments the local Frats have pulled off in recent years was the "Frat Circus" on November 19th at Alhambra Hall. Some novel stunts were introduced, all suggestive of the saw-dust ring. Turkeys, ducks, and chickens were raffled, and with Thanksgiving only a few days away, there were many investors in the raffle tickets. The admission tickets each had a number, so each one had a chance on a set of dishes which went to Herbert Coffman. Perry E. Seely was Chairman of the affair which was a financial success.

In many rural neighborhoods where money does not circulate rapidly the people pay for services "in kind"; for example, farmers frequently give potatoes, eggs or other products in payment for debts. A young surgeon who had occasion to operate in such a neighborhood, says Harper's Magazine, hopefully approached the husband of the patient and asked for his fee, which amounted to one hundred dollars.

"Doc," said the old man, "I haven't much ready cash. Can I pay you in kind?"

"I guess that will be all right," replied the doctor cheerfully. "What do you deal in?"

"Horse-radish, doc," answered the old man.



Mrs. Murray Campbell and son John, with their New York guest at the Campbell home, Berkeley, California

## A Worthy Daughter of Deaf Parents



Mrs. Bess Riggs, Superintendent of the Arkansas School for the Deaf, Little Rock, Arkansas, third daughter of Rev. J. W. Michaels, received her primary and High School education in the public schools of Little Rock, Ark., coming out as valedictorian and honor pupil of the High School, and received one year scholarship in some college; selected Vassar College and afterwards took the examination for the Baptist Minister's Scholarship and won. Graduated with Bachelor of Arts degree. Received Normal Fellowship training at Gallaudet College, and given the Master of Arts Degree there. Taught at the Tennessee School for two years, and for better pay accepted the chair of Mathematics in the High Schools of Fort Smith and Van Buren, Arkansas. Was called to Little Rock, Ark., by the Governor and offered the position of Superintendent on her own terms of management for the better. Now serving her second year as such.



Snowed out of building in Colorado in July

# The Ten Commandments

## Their History in the Light of Modern Knowledge

By Warren M. Smaltz

THE story which describes the circumstances leading to the promulgation of the Ten Commandments is told graphically in the Bible. The Hebrew people had been enslaved by triumphant Egypt. The Egyptian civilization was very old, and during the period in question it was dominating the entire orient. A succession of able and ambitious kings occupied its throne, and many of the neighboring petty kingdoms were conquered and their peoples enslaved. Of such undoubtedly were the Hebrews. Where they originally came from is not definitely known. The sacred Scriptures tell us that their progenitor, Abraham, came from Ur of the Chaldees. The race, as it multiplied in numbers, may have located somewhere in the extensive peninsula of Arabia. Many archaeologists have suspected as much, but various difficulties have thus far prevented extensive explorations. It is sufficient here to suggest that some day the bleak wastes of this little known country will yield a rich new harvest from the labors of scholarly research and exploration.

The ancient Hebrews were unskilled in the arts. Sculpture was almost unknown among them, and painting they practiced but little. Their earliest civilization was undoubtedly crude. A race of shepherd folk, it required centuries before they could reconcile themselves to the settled existence which agriculture entails. When they were therefore carried to Egypt in bondage, they possessed neither engineering knowledge nor artistic talents which energetic Pharaohs could turn to practical account. It is not strange under the circumstances that their cruel masters forced them to perform hard physical labor. The Bible tells us that the Hebrew slaves had to toil wearily at making bricks in the "land of Goshen", and build for their heartless conqueror the store-cities of Raamses and Pithom.

To deliver his people from this hard destiny was the peculiar fortune of Moses. A man of dominating personality, deep capacity for feeling, and imperious will, Moses staged an insurrection among the drudging Hebrew slaves. Constituting himself their leader, he led their flight out of Egypt into the dreary desert of Arabia. After many long years of tremendous hardship he finally brought his unkempt horde of runaways to the eastern borders of Canaan, or modern Palestine. He has already given them such instruction as was necessary to establish a Hebrew commonwealth, and after his death these rude and uncivilized people swept the native inhabitants out of the country under the leadership of Joshua and his successors. It is not for nothing therefore that Moses is called the "Lawgiver."

Formerly it was fashionable to cast sneering aspersions at the historical veracity of this Biblical narrative. Such aggressive agnostics as Robert G. Ingersoll delighted in asking embarrassing questions concerning the location of Goshen, Pithom and Raamses. Only the Bible had any reference to such places, and skeptics were not slow in hinting the stories were pure myth.

But today, thanks to the remarkable discoveries of archaeology and the labors of numberless scholars, the essential truthfulness of the Scriptural stories has been unexpectedly vindicated. We now know that the land of Goshen comprised a long strip of territory east of the River Nile, extending lengthwise from east to west. It was made fertile and habitable by the irrigation ditches of a very ancient canal which connected the Nile with the Red Sea. It was

by way of this very canal that Queen Hatasu's expedition sailed from Thebes to Punt. The shape of the land of Goshen is curiously like a frying-pan in outline, and we can say with uncommon truth that the enslaved Hebrews who fled into the burning desert of Arabia had literally forsaken the frying-pan for the fire!

Archæologists have likewise discovered the lost cities of Raamses and Pithom. Pithom, long hidden under many feet of desert sand, has been unearthed again. It lies due west of Lake Timsah, which in ancient times was really an extension of the Red Sea. We even have today the testimony of an unearthed Egyptian papyrus, now in the British Museum, which declares that Raamses II, king of Egypt, founded here "the home of Ramses", and built royal palaces and imposing temples. He it was who first colonized the region, and inaugurated extensive irrigation projects in this portion of the Nile delta. The Bible tells us that this cruel Pharaoh, not content with forcing the Hebrew slaves to make his bricks, compelled them also to gather the necessary straw for their manufacturer, in order to keep them so extremely busy that they would not find time to worship their God!

It was the archaeologist Naville who first discovered specimens of these bricks. He dug some of them up at Pithom. They measure 15 by 7¼ by 4½ inches, and are made of unbaked Nile mud and chopped straw. Each brick is stamped with the pronomen of Ramses II, thus: "**User-maat-Ra-setep-en-Ra**", which translated into English means, "Strong is the Truth of Ra, the chosen one of Ra." We can sympathize with the feelings of the poor Hebrews, who had thus to stamp upon their handiwork sentiments regarding the heathen god Ra, which seemed to them an utter abomination.

Ramses reigned in 1292-1225 B. C., or over thirty-two hundred years ago. He was a great builder, and was actuated by endless ambitions. Half the monuments of Egypt bear his name. He must have employed slaves by the tens of thousands, and even the features of his mummy show a race of stern cruelty and a nature controlled by overweening pride. He himself records upon one of his most impressive monuments, carved out of a living mountain at Abu Simbel, that slavery was the foundation of his greatness. That he was the Pharaoh of the oppression is almost universally held.

He had one hundred and eleven sons, and sixty-seven daughters. When he died, at the age of ninety-seven, he left a throne whose pride was soon to go before a fall. The vast building enterprises had exhausted his treasury, and his people were discontented with heavy taxation. After him, as in the case with Louis XIV of France, the deluge came. Four of his sons occupied the throne in rapid succession. During the reign of one of them, namely Merneptah, the Hebrews probably took their flight under Moses' leadership. Egypt at this period was besieged with able foes, by Libya on the west, and by Crete, Cyprus, and pirates of Asia Minor on the north. A victory for Egypt was finally won at Heliopolis, but she never again fully recovered from the blow. And the Hebrews under the guidance of the shrewd Moses may well have seized this psychological moment to make their forbidden departure. The time of the exodus would then be about 1200 B. C.

As if to verify this date, the translations of many hiero-



glyphs on Egyptian monuments tells us that at this period the country suffered many calamities. This is probably the basis for the stories in the Bible of the different plagues which Jahweh visited upon the land. True, the mummy of Merneptah has been found, and proves that he did not drown in the Red Sea. But then, the Biblical story does not say that he perished with his hosts when the waters of the sea closed up behind the retreating Hebrew fugitives. It merely says that his horses, chariots, and army perished.

Nor is there anything inherently improbable in the scriptural story of the passage of the Red Sea and the destruction of Pharaoh's host. The Hebrews probably followed the borders of Goshen in their flight through Egypt. This would have brought them to the Bitter Lakes region. These lakes were quite certainly an extension of the Red Sea at one time, according to geologists. Gradually the water retreated, until they were connected with the Red Sea only by shallow narrows, at times little more than marshes. Exodus 14:21 informs us that the "miracle" of separating the waters of the Red Sea was accomplished "by a strong east wind blowing all the night" which backed up the waters and exposed the ground on the bottom. Thus the Hebrews were enabled to cross.

The key to an understanding of this event lies in the Bible's express statement that it was "an east wind." The wind from the east is called by the Arabs to this day the *Sherkiyeh*, whence our Sirocco. Professor George Adam Smith, the greatest authority on the geography of the region, says that this wind is dry, hot, and scorches vegetation. Worse, it brings on sand-storms of such intensity that even the sun is veiled from view. To animals and men it brings on languor and fever. Whole caravans are buried under the sand at times, and one cannot see further than a mile at the farthest, by reason of the flying mist of sand. Tents are carried away; everything is overwhelmed. The only good thing about this east wind is the fact that it usually lasts for a day only. Then it ceases as abruptly as it began.

It is surely not incredible that such a fierce Sirocco should have overwhelmed the Egyptian army. It might well have blown back the waters of the narrow and shallow straits, blowing as it did, all night. Exodus 14:20 tells us that "there was the cloud and the darkness, yet gave it light by night." This describes accurately the effects of a sand-storm. The chariots of the Egyptians suffered from broken wheels and kindred difficulties, as well they might, if attempting to cross the muddy marshes. And the tides of the sea returning with the cessation of the wind, they were also overwhelmed by the rising flood.

Once across the Red Sea, we cannot as yet state with certainty where Moses led his weary host of slaves. Conjectures are various. The Bible says they journeyed to Mt. Sinai, or Horeb as it is otherwise called. Since the 6th Century, A. D., tradition has associated Mt. Sinai with the rugged peak rising in the midst of the peninsula formed by the Red Sea and the Gulf of Akabah. This mountain is of granite and porphyry, and constitutes one of the oldest geologic formations in the world. Epochs ago it lifted its head above the waves of the primeval ocean, and today we can only dream of the weird monsters which may once have sprawled their gigantic bodies upon its flinty slope. Around its base, now high and dry, the Red Sea threw a girdle of coral reefs many milleniums later. To the north of the mountain are vast sheets of limestone deposit, formed there in the chalk age of the earth's history, when the region was submerged beneath the ocean. Today the mountain rises 7,915 feet above sea level. And the Arabs still call it *Jebel Musa*, which means, "the mountain of Moses."

Here, if the Bible is to be believed, the Ten Commandments were first given to Moses by the theophanic voice of God. To understand better the nature and purpose of these

"Ten Words," as the Jews still call them, we must not forget the condition of the people to whom they were originally given. Only recently escaped from the most degrading slavery, after perhaps two centuries of bondage, the uncivilized Hebrews were rapidly tending to abuse their newly found freedom by the wildest excesses. Their inherited religion porbably rested lightly upon their consciences after long association with the paganism of Egypt. Robbed of the liberty to govern themselves, they had lost their capacity to do so. In an age when every god was supposed to have a fixed abode, and to rule over a settled people residing in a definite locality, their God Jahweh must have seemed to them like a God without an abode or territory, presiding over the destiny of a host of homeless wanderers.

Moses was quick to realize that the first great need of his people was a simple moral code, sanctioned by religion, and capable of giving his unruly subjects a modicum of self-restraint and a tendency to cohesion. Hence the character of these "The Words." They are brief, terse, and yet all-inclusive. They are either moral or religious. As yet no need had arisen for more detailed legislation to deal with property rights, the affairs of business, the varied exigencies of daily life. The people were not sufficiently settled for that. Their need was for a deeper religious consciousness, and a higher morality to replace the laxity of Egyptian bondage. And a few men, be it said, could have risen to the emergency with the same brilliance of performance as that which has characterized Moses.

The fact that these Ten Commandments number an exact ten is no mere accident. They are to the number of ten by conscious design, so as to be easily remembered on fingers and thumbs of a man's two hands. By the same conscious analogy, they were originally engraved on two tablets of stone, to coincide with an individual's two hands. And in all probability each tablet had five Commandments, thus harmonizing with the number of digits per hand. For it must be remembered that writing was by no means general as yet among the erstwhile slaves, even if the ready means had existed in the barren Arabian desert. To make papyrus they would have required the special reeds grown in the Nile valley, a thing quite out of the question. And even if they had written upon clay tablets with a stylus or otherwise, their wandering existence would have made the transportation of many such "books" impossible. They were nomads, even as the Bedouin tribes of today are aimless wanderers, and all excess baggage had to be discarded.

It seems odd that so few people should know that there are several versions of these Ten Commandments in our Bible. The most primitive form is probably contained in the 34th chapter of Exodus. Two other versions, that are strikingly similar, are found in Exodus 20:1-17 and in Deuteronomy 5:6-21. These different versions vary in detail, but possess, a notable agreement in substance. Many theories have been advanced by scholars to explain this fact. The most generally accepted explanation is that first suggested by Ewald, and subsequently modified by Dillman, Driver, and other scholars. It supposes that there existed an original primitive version, which the author of Exodus edited into his Book. Subsequently the Deuteronomist modified the Exodus version by adding various explanations.

Space forbids a detailed explanation of the reason for holding this view. But we can point out that the original "Ten Words" were almost what the Hebrew expression implies; namely, extremely brief and terse commands. Such terse sentences still survive in our sixth, seventh, eighth, and ninth Commandments.

Few individuals appear to be aware that these Ten Commandments are not numbered uniformly by Christendom. St. Augustine promulgated one form of numbering them, and he is followed to this day by the Roman Catholic and

Lutheran Churches. All the rest of Christendom follows a different method of numbering them, which we may call the convention method. St. Augustine combined our first and second Commandments into one, and divided our tenth into two. The Jews have a numerical method that differs from all Christian practice. They take our introduction as their first Commandment, and combine our first and second into their second Commandment.

It is interesting to observe that the Commandment in Exodus enforcing Sabbath observance gives as a reason the declaration that God, having created the universe in six days, rested upon the seventh. But the same Commandment, in Deuteronomy, gives a very different reason. The Sabbath is commanded to be hallowed in order that slaves and cattle might enjoy a day of rest. Here, surely, is a humane viewpoint that can still put much of our modern practices to shame!

Indeed, it is often amusing to listen to the criticisms of self-constituted students of the Bible, especially if they are motivated by agnostic tendencies. Thus any number of critics, more prejudiced than scholarly, have ventured to condemn the Ten Commandments upon the ground that they are obsolete today, and give an inferior position to woman. To back up their argument they cite the tenth Commandment in Exodus, which places a man's house before his wife in the list of things we shall not covet. But these critics seem blissfully unaware that the version in Deuteronomy not only places a man's wife first,

but also uses a very different word for his chattels. It commands we shall not **covet** a neighbor's wife. But it says we shall not **desire** his chattels. In the original Hebrew the strength of the verb "covet" has peculiar force in juxtaposition with the very different verb, "desire." It indicates with delicate precision the high position and regard of woman in the eyes of the Hebrews. In this connection it may not be amiss to point out that if these Ten Commandments were more generally observed, instead of maligned, much of the evil which modern society is heir to would automatically disappear.

In conclusion, it should be explained that these "Ten Words" constituted the first writings which the Hebrew people venerated as holy. The two tables of the Law were carefully guarded in the Ark, made especially for them. The Bible as we know it was not yet in existence. But around these Ten Commandments there grew up a code of laws, a narrative history of the people of Israel, prophetic writings, and sacred songs, which eventually clarified into the canon of the Old Testament. The Ten Commandments were the germ or nucleus of the Hebrew Bible. The veneration which the people held for them helped to give Holy Scripture its hold upon the heart and conscience of the Hebrew nation. And by direct inheritance the New Testament of the Christian world has fallen heir to that regard for the worth and sanctity of inspired writings, which has made two milleniums of Christianity possible.

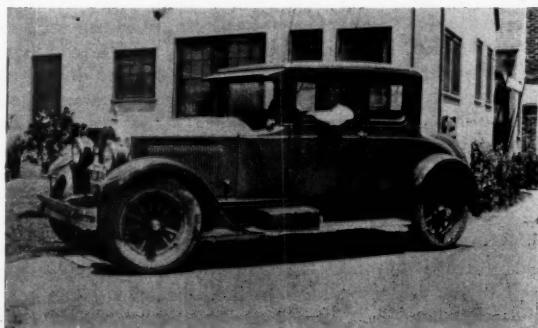
## Housewives Please Take Notice

The recipe below as printed in our December number omitted two important items, (eggs and milk) which we hope the housewives will take notice.

### PUMPKIN PIE

- 1 cup steamed strained pumpkin
- $\frac{1}{2}$  teaspoon salt
- $\frac{1}{2}$  teaspoon ginger
- $\frac{1}{2}$  teaspoon cloves
- 2 teaspoons cinnamon
- 3 eggs
- 1 cup canned sweetened condensed milk
- 1 cup water
- Unbaked pie crust

Mix ingredients in the order given; pour into pan lined with unbaked pie crust. Bake in a hot oven (450° F.) for about ten minutes, then reduce the temperature to moderate (350° F.) and bake for about thirty-five additional minutes, or until the filling has set.



Mr. C. C. McMann, and his car, who acted as host to the many visitors to Los Angeles, last summer.



Residence of Mr. and Mrs. Charles H. Cory, Jr., St. Petersburg, Florida



The sign-notice, Mr. Cory holds, reads "Honorary Mention in Lawn Contest by the Woman's Town Improvement Ass'n, 1926"

# The Education of the Deaf

By J. Lyman Steed, M. A.

*Foreword*---Many people do not understand the deaf or the work that is being done for them. In the following article some of the most common questions are briefly answered

## What is the Early History of the Deaf?

**I**N ANCIENT times a deaf child was considered useless and, at best, was barely suffered to live. In Sparta because a deaf person could not reverence its laws and defend the country, he was put to death. Rome was the first nation to recognize the legal rights of a deaf person, but it was the universal sentiment that he was wholly incapable of instruction. Lucretius, the Roman poet writes:

*"To instruct the deaf, no art could ever reach,  
No care improve them, no wisdom teach."*

History has left no meagre records of the early work of instructing the deaf, but there can be no doubt that the deaf first enlisted the sympathy of priests and missionaries who, by various devices, gave them the rudiments of an education and faith in a Divine Being. The first known attempt to teach the deaf was made in Spain about 1530 by Peter Ponce, a monk. Two of his contemporaries tell us that he taught some of his pupils to write and speak. From that time until the latter part of the eighteenth century attempts to educate the deaf by various methods were made in Italy, Spain, Germany and England.

## Where and When Were the First School for The Deaf Established in Europe And in the United States?

Schools were established in Paris in 1760 by the Abbe de l'Epee, at Leipzig, in 1778 by Samuel Heinicke, and at Edinburgh, in 1764, by Thomas Braidwood.

The first attempt to educate the deaf in the United States was made in Virginia. Thomas Bolling, of Goochland county, Virginia, had three deaf children. They were the direct descendants of Jane Rolfe, the granddaughter of Pocahontas. About 1771 these children were sent to Mr. Braidwood's school in Scotland. They had a hearing brother, William Bolling, who was a prominent Virginian. Two of his children, William Albert and Mary, were deaf. Through his efforts the first private school for the deaf was established at Cobbs, near Petersburg, Virginia. The pupils were taught by a young member of the Braidwood family. Among the pupils was a deaf grandson of Richard Henry Lee, a signer of the Declaration of Independence.

These facts are of special interest because Mrs. Woodrow Wilson is a direct descendant of Thomas Bolling. Her maiden name was Edith Bolling.

The first permanent school for the deaf was established in Hartford, Conn., by Rev. Thomas Hopkins Gallaudet, in 1817.

Today the United States takes first rank in the education of the deaf. This is probably because the idea, that a deaf child is entitled to an education just as a hearing child is and that he is not an object of charity, has spread very rapidly.

There are quite a number of day schools and private schools for the deaf, but a majority of the deaf children of the school ages are taught in singly or in groups in various parts of the State. Just as better results are obtained in the public schools by establishing a large central school rather than a number of small schools, it is found that better economic and educational results are the intensive training they need.

## What are the Causes of Deafness?

Forty per cent of the deaf are born deaf or became deaf from illness before they have acquired speech. The principal causes of deafness for 54 per cent. are brain fever, meningitis, scarlet fever, catarrh, convulsions, measles, mastoiditis, abscess of the ear, whooping cough, falls and accidents. For the remaining six per cent. the causes are unknown.

## What Sort of Pupils are Enrolled In Schools for the Deaf?

Various types of children enter a school for the deaf. There are those who were born deaf, those who became deaf before they could speak, those who became deaf after they could speak, but retain only a few indistinct words and phrases, those who have been partially deaf from childhood and those who became deaf after they learned to talk and have retained their speech. Each pupil has to receive the special instruction suited to his individual needs. In the last class are often found children who become deaf after they were 10 or 12 years of age. They feel their loss keenly and usually it takes them some time to re-adjust themselves to an entire new way of living and to the new difficulties that deafness has brought.

## What Can be Done for a Deaf Child Before He Enters School?

Of all the ills to which our bodies are subject deafness least affects the physical or mental vigor, and yet there is no infirmity which so completely shuts a child out of the companionship and society of home and his friends. While the fact that a deaf child is deaf is greatly to be regretted, there is no reason for the family to neglect him, or to give him undue liberty or license. A deaf child is often thought incorrigible when his behavior is due solely to his inability to express himself and to understand those about him. It is certain that a deaf child has the same mind and heart, the same talents and the same affections that have been implanted in his hearing brothers and sisters. They only need careful cultivation. In the hearing world language is a language of sounds and is addressed to the ear. Ignorant of language because he cannot hear, the deaf child must be taught by a method addressing itself to the eye to enable him to compete with his hearing brothers and sisters. As a consequence a deaf child must be in school for several years before he can approach the mental development of a hearing child of the same age.

If parents can understand a deaf child's difficulties, a



great deal can be done to help him before he enters school. He should be taught to dress himself, to feed himself and to depend upon himself in various ways. Too often his handicap makes the father and mother feel that he is different from his brothers and sisters and that special privileges must be granted to make him happy and contented. This is not true. He can follow the same rules that are made for the rest of the family and should early learn that every individual has certain property rights that his deafness will not permit him to violate. He should be taught to obey. He can learn to read lips. Parents may teach him to understand what they say by constant repetition of simple commands. They should encourage him to watch their lips carefully. The one speaking to him should remember to have the light full on the mouth, to hold the head quietly erect and to speak naturally. No attempt should be made to have him talk, because bad speech habits may be formed.

It is more difficult to correct bad speech habits than it is to establish good speech habits.

#### What Is Done for a Deaf Child After He Enters School?

When a child enters school, language in both its spoken and written forms must be given to him. Learning how to talk and to use our language is a slow progress for a deaf child. It requires an instructor with patience and ability as well as special training. A hearing child acquires his speech sound by sound combining and babbling these sounds in syllables before attempting words. A deaf child must be induced to follow the same progress. He must employ his eyes and his sense of touch instead of his ears in order to place his tongue, palate and lips in the various positions used in making a speech. For many years schools for the deaf have used sense-training materials similar to those presented to the educational world by Madam Montessori. A deaf child has a peculiar need of that sort of training in order that his other senses may take the place of the sense he lacks. During the first school year a six or seven year old of average mental ability may learn to read from the lips, speak and write one hundred or two hundred words. The skill exhibited in forming these words into sentences depends on the ability of the child. From this simple beginning the child is taken through a course of study similar to that pursued in the public schools. He has daily drill in speech and lip reading. He must travel a long and hard road before there is sufficient knowledge of English to make it possible for him to read with ease the school text books, current publications and to express himself in good English.

#### What Home Life Does an Institution Provide?

Because a deaf child must be out of his home for nine months every year, the school attempts to give him just as much of the home environment as possible. A pupil spends on the average five hours in school, two hours in the shop and one hour in the study room. He has the advantage of constant supervision, regular hours and habits, carefully planned menus, and a carefully outlined program of work, sleep and recreation. During his hours of recreation, he is counseled and guided just as he is in his own home. Cultivated men and women form his habits, help him to establish moral principles and instruct him in the details of home life.

#### Are Trades Taught?

In vocational work schools for the deaf have been pioneers. This is an important part of the work of every school where at least two hours per day must be spent in

the shop. There is a long and varied list of occupations to which a deaf person can adapt himself. It is impossible for a school to teach all of them. Most of the schools give instruction in printing, tailoring, baking, carpentry, painting and farming. The girls take up domestic science in all its branches, dressmaking and millinery.

#### What Do Deaf Pupils Do When They Leave School?

A pupil may or may not follow his trade after leaving school. The great value of the industrial training does not lie in the knowledge of a particular trade but in the habits of industry that are instilled and the manual skill imparted. When a deaf pupil goes out into the world, he is not afraid of work for he has been taught to accept it as a matter of course. Many of the deaf girls marry and become successful home keepers.

A few of the deaf, who are not tempted by the offers of work, continue their education. Some go to Gallaudet College, Washington, D. C., the only college for the deaf in the world, and others go to high schools, colleges, technical schools and medical schools. The deaf are successful, some are distinguished as artists, chemists, architects, draftmen, dentists, electricians, editors, and ministers.

#### Is it Worth While to Educate the Deaf?

Character is the one thing a deaf pupil must have in order that he may become a citizen worthy of respect. From the beginning to the end of this school course, every effort is made to teach him to think clearly and to express his thoughts in good English, to instill a love of justice, honor and truth and to train his hand in order that he may secure a comfortable livelihood. It is a rare thing to find a deaf loafer or to see one in the police court or in prison. Deaf beggars are usually fakes. The value of educating the deaf is proven by the fact that they become industrious, self-supporting, and law-abiding citizens.

A man went to see his doctor and the latter said to him:

"Mr. Rostand, from today on, you mustn't drink any more, nor smoke, nor go to the theatre nor even to the movies."

"Am I going to die?" asked the worried patient.

"No. But come back to me at the end of three months, and I hope you will have economized enough to pay me."



*Snow-pile at Mountdale-in-the-Pines, Colorado, during the N. F. S. D. Convention. The only pile on the grounds, being brought from the nearby mountains. Photo sent in by L. J. Bacheberle*

# Sports in General

Edited By Frederick A. Moore

## The Low Down on the Goff Championship



DEAR Mr. Editor:—I have bin readen the SILENT WORKER for Nov. and I sees where this burd Troy E. Hill frum Taxis, that writes under the name of som steer, is clamen the goff champion ship of Dumdon. I was one of the gentelmen what he clames to have beet, and what he said about that goff match in Denver wasent quite what I hoped he was gone to say. What buisness did that writen hombar frum Taxis have to tell the world I had a score of 125? That was my score all rite, and I aint denying that but this Hill feller wud have you a thinken I made that score onestly, when as a matter of fact I had the worse run of tuf luck a man ever knowed. I am a blamed good goffer but this boy seems to think I is a common Dubb.

Mr. Hill didnt tell you about my luck. O no he spoke like 125 was my natual batten averidge on the goff links. An whats more, he writes like 95 is jest ordenairy manoveren for him when, if you wants the truth, he had to swet like a choked coon to eak out that 95. If he had kep his gab shet about my score I cud of forgive him but since he has did all this I here with gives you the low down on that Denver goff turnament.

Sos to git you aquanted with the facts I will go back to the beginning and tell you how come that goff mach to be mached. This stear navigater clames to have got up the mach but he didnt. Revern Grace got it up. Didn't he write about it in the frat way back when any stear in Taxis wasent yet passed the milk fed age? He did. I happens to have the fust hand infermentation about this for revun Grace was over here to preach tother day and told me his self that he arigenated the goff terniment.

Now the terniment was to come off dooren the frat convension in denver, and it was to deside who was to be the champion deef goffer. Time come for the mach and everybody cept me and Grace and that stear and his groomer forpheted their chances by not terning up at game time. That left me and Hill to fight out the champion ship. We knowed frum the start that the revern gentelmen coulen't play nothing morn a Dubb game when he was handecapped with a rubber collar squeazing his nek. You know the kind of neckware them preachers has to wrap around there gozzles. Also, we knowed the steers pardner coulden't do mutch for he had on a pare of them white goffing britchens that was made for playing where the fareways aint the fairest thing present. Whats more, I knowed I cud bete Hill, and I knowed I shud be the champion goffer without argifying. I still clames I can iffen I has a fare brake in luck. As is, he onley calls me the runner up, and then he goes and prints my score. Eny how I has a little to make me feel good, fore I know dern well I am still the people's choice.

Well, we got to the Ever Green links O. K. and goes to write cur names in the book they keeps there, and I also had to rint some clubs. What do you think that feller Hill done? He brung a long a sack full of clubs that he must have saved up for ever since that stear was a caff. They was so many of them he had to

toat them around in a big canvass poke like them bat bags the big leeg ball temes uses. The sack I rinted onley had 5 clubs. That ment Hill awreddy had a start on me for a man with 5 clubs cain't hope to bete a man with mear like 25. I believe I wud still of bets him any how if it hadn't bin for the tuf luck I hit into.

I had to fork up 50 cents for using them clubs I had, and when I lose 50 cents I don't feal right for 2 wks. That got me started off in a week-end condition. On the fust shot from T no. 1 Hill laid his ball clean up agin the sun but as luck wud have it my ball roled into a streem of watter that flowed in frunt of us so I lost a good shot right there. That streem wasen't morn 4 ft. wide and with all the tremendous expants of terratory out at Ever Green you can eizily see how hard it wud be for a man to hit a little rivalet like that even if he wanted to. So you can begin to onerstand now what kind of luck I was haveing.

I hit agin and hit hard too. My ball wud of rold right up to the cup if it hadn't got tangled up in some gras some 40 yds. frum where I socked it. Them denver peeple don't keep there links up very well. They let gras grow up and mow it off in a lane jest wide enuff for a man to walk through comfatable without getting chiggers on his laigs. Well, I lost that blamed ball agin so I jest hawled out another one and sacrificed one more coarker of a drive, rather than to keep Mr. Hill a waiten while I bunted a little fool goff ball. Hill lost his ball too but you can't make that baby beleve a ball is ever lost. He hunted near bout 4 hours till he found it. Nope, he wasen't gonna lse a good shot when he had my goff stratidgy to compeat agin. He knowed them strokes would all come in perty handy as soon as my luck begun to meet me half way. But my luck jest didn't come back.

Things went frum worse to worst till I lost the last ball I had, and had to borrrer a ball from my revern pardner. He is a preecher but he done me wrong. He puld out a old secun han ball that had turned black an I had to play with that.

After meeandering over some 6 or 8 miles of Ever Green we finly found that we had puld up at the 5th whole. Then Grace ast what time is it. He then let loose with a string of words that he picked at randem frum some of his sermens and sed wed hafta beet it for the place where they was handing out grub. That is, they was handing it out in boxes that they charged a dollar for. So we left the goff links and went to git some feed. I coulden't eet for I had awreddy paid my dollar for rent on them goff clubs and also for rent on the Ever Green links.

After the peeple there had enuff of eating—not enuff, but all they cud git for a dollar—we went up to the roadao. Mr. Hill didn't like that roadao, but he musten't blame the cow boys. If he can remember that far back he will ricollect that it rained jest when they was beginning to do there stuff. Well, the rain made an intermition and them cowboys thought the show was all over for that day, so they retired to some shacks where they sopped up a lot of good ole rocky mountain

doo. Well, the rain stopped unexpected like, and when they come back, of coarse, they couldn't ride them cows very well. How can a man keep a straddle of a cow when he has his insides perserved in the spirets of the west? Mr. Hill couldn't even naver gate on his stear if he was in a condition like that.

Well, to shrink up a little on this long story, we went back to our goff game, Hill and me, but I had even worser luck than before. That fellar Hill kep gitten his big hulk in front of me all the time more like a mountain, so I couldn't see where I was trying to nock the ball to haff the time.

By the toime we got the 18th whole it was so dark I couldn't see, so we didn't ever play out last whole. Mr. Hill says he was so fur in front of me hed be willen to stop there any how, but I allus likes to be a good spoart so I telle him wed jest give each other 4 points without playing them out. That wud make his scoar 95. That sooted him for he knowed he cud never of made it in less than 10. Who knows what Ida yet come out on top if I hadn't jest give him the game?

That's the low down on the goff ternamint, peeple, and you see that fellar claims the champion ship. That's a bout all I can say for it, except that that goff ball Grace lent me wasen't such a bad ball after all. I brushed it up a littel and found it was a 75 cent bill, so I has it up here now.

I am practicen goff here with the bosses dotter, and jest wate till I catches that stear ridin' bozo agen.

Yours truly,

B. B. BURNES,  
The Peeple's Choice.





## Give the Dumb the Right to Speak

**M**ANY persons, think that the reason a deaf person is dumb is because something is wrong with his speech organs or his brain cells. As a matter of fact the only reason he doesn't talk is because, not having heard any one speak, he doesn't know what to say. It is merely by the grace of God that we are not in like case, for the ear is a delicate organ, and anything—a light blow, a fall, a fever, or any of the thousand and one experiences of childhood—may impair its use and if hearing is lost before the age of five or six years, a child rarely remembers for long the vocabulary it has acquired before that time.

Every state in our Union provides for the education of its deaf. Each year some school for the deaf is asked to enroll persons long past school age, who had never been sent to any school previously.

Literature has no blind heroine who is not of unusual sweetness and amiability, calling forth the deepest admiration and sympathy; but an attractive deaf character is hard to find in fiction, although in fact they are far from rare. In many ways the handicap of the deaf is far heavier than that of the blind. Imagine not knowing your own name, nor even knowing that you and everything else have a name till you were seven or eight years old, then laboriously learning the names of each thing, each action, each quality by conscious effort, and then learning how to fit these words together.

The deaf child who is sent to a school from a family of hearing brothers and sisters comes back to them more sturdy in physique, more polished in manner, more firm in character, more able to earn a living than the normal boys and girls who stay at home. The schools for the education of the deaf all hold that "education is the harmonious development of mind, soul and body."

Nearly all the schools teach printing, including the operation of the linotype, shoe-repairing, carpentering and cabinet-making. Some have courses in tailoring, house-painting, and baking. The girls are taught sewing, millinery, weaving, basket making, cooking, and often photography and typewriting. It will be noticed that in these occupations hearing is not essential, and the pupil is given an opportunity to learn the thing for which his taste and ability incline him.

For the student who completes the scholastic course in the state school there is an institution for his higher education in Washington, D. C. This is Gallaudet College, the only college for the deaf in the world. Its graduates are filling positions of trust and importance in all parts of the country in varied activities, from that of athletic coach to banker.—*Dearborn Independent*.



Theo. C. Mueller of Fresno, Calif., in various moods

## To A Deaf Child

Oh, little boy with eyes so starry bright,  
With head held high you gayly step along,  
The birds are singing carols overhead,  
Yet you will never hear their glad some song.  
The trees are bending with the playful wind,  
You stand with wonder, watching as they sway,  
Yet all their secrets are to you untold,  
You can not hear the gentle words they say.

A troop of soldiers marches down the street,  
You run to see them, with your face, aglow—  
The martial strains, now loud, now soft and sweet,  
Give thrills your little heart will never know.  
Though not for you the sound of human voice,  
The sighing wind, the bird note or the fife—  
Still starry-eyed with head held high you go  
To fill your place in the great march of life.

## Obituary

John Ulrich was born January 18th, 1891, in Plumas, Manitoba, Canada, and died October 23, 1927, at the Deaconess Hospital in Detroit, after a week's illness of acute appendicitis, aged thirty-six, nine months, five days. John was the fifth child of eight children, six sisters and one brother, all of whom survive, with an aged father and mother and his loving wife, Mabel Mackenzie Ulrich, to mourn his departure from this world. He lost his hearing when a small boy and his parents sent him to the Norris Lutheran school here in Detroit. Later they found out about the one in Manitoba and there he received the most of his education. After leaving school he played amateur hockey in Winnipeg for two years, then went West and jumped into the professional ranks at Vancouver, B. C., in 1912, being the youngest player in the league—only twenty years old. He helped Victoria to win two championships in 1913 and 1914. He won the world series in 1913 from Quebec City, but lost it in 1914 to Toronto.

In 1916 he was married to Mabel Mackenzie, and took up permanent residence in Detroit. In 1919 he bought a two-family flat on Garland Avenue, where he resided up to the time of his death. Mr. Ulrich was well known in deaf circles, being an active worker in the N. A. D. and N. F. S. D. He was an alternate delegate to Atlanta in 1924, and a delegate to Denver this year. He was an active worker in the Church of our Saviour. The funeral services were conducted by the Rev. E. J. Scheibert, amid a profusion of flowers, and the body was laid to rest in the Lutheran Gethsemane Cemetery. John Berry, Leo Kuhen, Arthur Brown, Otto Buby, S. Goth and John Crough acted as pallbearers.

"O, not in cruelty, not in wrath,  
The Reaper came that day;  
'Twas an angel visited the green earth  
And took the flowers away."

—*Deaf-Mutes' Journal*.

## OUT OF THE MOUTHS OF BABES

Auntie did not know that Lonny had just received a spanking, so when she found him crying out behind the house, she said kindly:

"Why, dear, what is the matter? Is there anything I can do for you?"

"No," was the tearful response, "It's all been done!"

—From "Children, The Magazine for Parents."

# Of Interest to the Housewife

## CHICKEN A LA KING

- 2 cups cold diced chicken
- 1 onion
- 3 tablespoons butter
- 1½ cups milk
- 2 egg yolks
- 1 green pepper
- 3 or 4 mushrooms
- 2 tablespoonfuls flour
- ½ cup cream
- 3 tablespoons chopped pimento

Cook the shredded green pepper and mushrooms in the 3 tablespoons butter 5 minutes. Add 1 small grated onion, flour (thin paste), 1½ cups milk, salt and paprika to taste. Add the chicken, pimento, bring to boiling point, and add ½ cup cream with 2 eggs beaten in it. Cook about 5 minutes. Serve on toast. Serves about 8 persons.

## TUNA NEWBURG

- 1 tablespoon butter
- 1 tablespoon flour
- 1¼ cups thin cream
- 1½ tablespoons chopped green pepper
- 1 tablespoon grated onion
- 2 cups tuna fish
- 1 egg
- 1½ tablespoons chopped pimento.

Melt butter, add flour and cream gradually. Bring to boiling point. Add peppers, pimento, onion and tuna. Add egg slightly beaten, and cook 3 minutes. Serve in patty cases or on toast. Serves six.

## BAKED EGGS

Let eggs stand for 20 minutes in boiling water, or until yolk and white are hard. Pour medium cream sauce over the sliced egg (using for 1 dozen eggs 2 cups of cream sauce, 2 cups milk, 4 tablespoons butter, 4 tablespoons flour). Sprinkle one layer of bread crumbs on bottom of baking dish, and then a layer of cream sauce and eggs, another layer of bread crumbs, and a tiny bit of grated cheese sprinkled through. Bake in hot oven for 10 minutes, until buttered crumbs are browned.

## LAMB AND ORANGE SALAD

- 2 cups cold roast lamb (veal or duck)
- 4 oranges
- ¾ cup French dressing

Cut the meat (lamb, veal, chicken or duck) into small pieces; peel oranges and cut in thin slices. Combine oranges and meat and serve on crisp lettuce leaves with French dressing.

## FRENCH DRESSING

- 3 tablespoons lemon juice
- 6 tablespoons oil
- ¼ teaspoon salt
- ¼ teaspoon paprika

Mix ingredients and stir or shake thoroughly just before serving.

## LEMON MINCEMEAT

- 4 lemons
- 2 apples
- 1 pound currants
- ½ cup raisins
- ½ cup chopped nuts
- ½ cup melted butter
- 2 cups sugar
- 1 teaspoon salt
- 1 teaspoon ground cinnamon
- 1 teaspoon ground nutmeg
- 1 teaspoon ground cloves
- 1 teaspoon ground ginger
- 1 teaspoon ground allspice

Squeeze juice from lemons and cook peel until soft. Put through meat-chopper and then rub through a sieve. Add chopped apples and remaining ingredients, mix well and store in jars. Use as a filling for turn-overs and pies.

## LEMON SAUCE

- 2 tablespoons butter
- 3 tablespoons flour
- ½ teaspoon salt
- ¼ teaspoon paprika
- 1½ cups water or meat stock
- 3 tablespoons lemon juice
- 1 tablespoon finely chopped parsley

Melt butter, add flour, salt and paprika and when well mixed add water or meat stock. Bring to boiling point, stirring constantly, add lemon juice and parsley and serve.

## PARSLEY BUTTER SAUCE

- 3 tablespoons butter
- ¼ teaspoon salt
- ⅛ teaspoon pepper
- 2 tablespoons lemon juice
- 1 tablespoon finely chopped parsley

Work butter until creamy, add salt and pepper, then lemon juice and parsley. Serve on hot fish, steak or vegetables.

## GRAPEFRUIT MARMALADE

- 2 large grapefruit
- 2 oranges
- 2 lemons
- Cold water
- Sugar

Peel fruit, discarding seed and one-half of rind. Remove white membrane from remaining rind and cut in narrow strips. Mix strips with pulp cut in slices; measure and for each cup add 3 cups of water. Let stand overnight. Bring to boiling point and boil 10 minutes. Let stand again overnight. Add 1 cup sugar for each cup of pulp. Cook two hours or until a little dropped on a cold saucer forms a jelly-like clot. Turn into sterilized glasses and when cool cover with paraffin.

## LEMON COCONUT FILLING

- 1 cup grated coconut
- ¼ teaspoon salt

2 cups water  
one-third cup lemon juice  
2 cups sugar  
7 tablespoons cornstarch

Cook all ingredients together in double boiler for 45 minutes.

#### PINEAPPLE BAVARIAN CREAM

Dissolve a package of lemon-flavored gelatin in on-half pint boiling water. Cool slightly, then add one-half pint juice from canned pineapple. When cold and beginning to thicken whip until it will drop from a spoon in a lump-like mass, and quickly fold in one cup of grated pineapple. Add two cups whipped cream sweetened. Pile lightly in stem glasses and garnish with cherry rings of pineapple.

#### SHEPHERD'S PIE

On a well-buttered pan place mounds of left-over mashed potato which has been mixed with milk to right consistency; cut left-over meat or fish into small pieces, combine with equal amount of medium cream sauce (2 cups milk, 4 tablespoons butter, 4 tablespoons flour).

If there is any left-over gravy, mix with milk to make right consistency. Add 2 cups left-over meat or fish. Onion, green pepper or pimento may be added for better flavor. Pour around the molds of mashed potato. Bake in a moderate oven until well browned. Garnish with

parsley. If desired, the dish may be lined with potato and filled with creamed mixture.

#### CREAM PUFFS

NOT "SCRIM PUFFS"

½ cup butter  
1 cup boiling water  
1 cup flour  
3 or 4 eggs

Put butter in water, stir, place over fire until melted. Add sifted flour all at once and stir briskly until the mixture leaves the side of the pan. Remove from fire, cool, add eggs separately, beating each thoroughly into the mixture. Drop by spoonfuls on to a buttered pan two inches apart. Bake in a hot oven about 35 minutes until firm and crusty. Cool. With a sharp knife cut and fill with whipped cream. Cream puffs cases may be used for vegetables, meat or fish.

#### ORANGE JUNKET WITH WALNUTS

1 pkg. orange junket  
1 pint milk  
Walnut meats

Chop coarsely the walnut meats and place in bottom of dessert glasses. Dissolve the junket powder in the slightly warmed milk and fill up the glasses. Let set until firm, then chill. Before serving put a few more nuts on each glass.

## Five Generations Represented in this Denver Group

Among the Aux-Frats active in looking after the comfort and entertainment of the guests of Denver at the recent convention of the N. F. S. D. were Mesdames Reid, Lessley and Logue with little Miss Logue trying hard to do her share. The teamwork of this "four generations" was noticeable, even in the big crowd that it was serving.

However, there is a fifth member—another generation living—in the person of Mrs. Collins, mother of Mrs. Reid. The photograph of this interesting "quintet" is herewith presented. In addition to its being all-feminine, each was the first-born in their respective families. We thought it an unusual picture and that the readers of the SILENT WORKER would like to see it, and prevailed upon Mrs. Lessley to let us have it for these columns.



"Mesdames Reid, Lessley and Logue with little Miss Logue trying hard to do her share"



# THE DEAF WORLD

Compiled By Emily Sterck

It said there are 210,553 deaf mutes in Russia of whom 118,207 are males and 92,346 females. Of these 31,567 are between two and seven years of age, and there are 2,500 in schools for the deaf.—*The New Era*.

Out in Australia the deaf girls of the school at Waratah have a tennis club which frequently tests its skill with other girls' clubs. They have a creditable record for good playing.—*The New Era*.

The Rev. H. J. Pulver moved to 1212 North 15th St. near Herr St., Harrisburg, Tuesday, November 1st, and he says he is very much pleased with the house as it is roomy and well equipped. He had been living at the house belonging to the St. Gerald's Episcopal Church on Herr St., where the deaf attend.—*Mt. Airy World*.

We believe that E. A. Hodgson, of the *Deaf-Mutes' Journal* has the honor of being the dean of the editorial corps. Next to him, we think, comes George M. McClure of the *Kentucky Standard*. The editor of *The Companion* may stand third among the anti-ques, as he has been on the job since 1885.—*Minnesota Companion*.

Herman Cahen of Cleveland, a deaf boy, is a Freshman at the Ohio State University, taking a course in Mechanical Engineering. He went through the Cleveland Day School and the high school of that city. He is a full-blooded Jew. His parents came from Poland twenty-four ago, and neither of them ever went to school anywhere. Yet his father owns the largest book binding business in Ohio, employing two hundred people.—*Silent Hoosier*.

For the benefit of deaf bicyclists, and there are many in Berlin, the Bicyclists' League of Germany has introduced a symbol to distinguish these wheelmen and women from others. The symbol is a metal plate screwed to rear bar of the wheel with three black balls in a triangle on a yellow background. The league adopted this measure because it number 500 deaf among its members.—*The California News*.

George Emery Horn, thirty-nine, rented an office right in the hustling Chicago loop last January, and has been making good. Room 47, at 68 West Washington Street, has this sign on the door: "Geo. E. Horn Stamp Works." There the handsome young businessman and his petite and charming wife manufacture rubber stamps, and deal in all makes of number-

ing machines, stencils, marking devices and notary public seals, in a completely equipped office.

Those gorgeous colored pages in the magazine section of the Saturday editions of the *Chicago Evening American* (circulation 500,000 copies) are the work of a deaf artist—Fred Lee! And again we deaf lift our heads with pride, as we point to a new star in the firmament of success.—*Meagher in Deaf-Mutes' Journal*.

A new trade—that of painting—is being taught at the Tennessee School for the Deaf. Charles W. Kessler, of Miami and Chicago, is the instructor. By the way, Mrs. Kessler has been engaged again to teach in that school for another term. Mr. Kessler is a painter of many years' experience, and that his students will make good in this line of work under his supervision there is no hesitancy in saying.—*Florida School Herald*.

Julius Wollman, a deaf-mute of New York, formerly of East Northport, L. I., was awarded \$1,500 in his action against Richard Belford, of Kings Park, for \$25,000 damages for personal injuries he sustained on the night of February 26, 1924, when he was struck by young Belford's car. The case was tried in the Suffolk County Supreme Court at Riverhead, L. I., before Justice Charles J. Druhan and a jury, October 6. Miss Mary J. Purtell, a social worker among the deaf in Manhattan, acted as interpreter.—*Catholic Deaf-Mute*.

Mr. Frederick Wolfe spent six months in Wisconsin, linotyping on a small daily not far from Milwaukee. On his way home last May, he visited Chicago, Fort Wayne, Ind., Detroit, Windsor, Canada, Toledo, Buffalo, Pittsburgh and other points of interest. He is now located at Vineland, New Jersey, as a machinist-operator at the newspaper office of the *Vineland Times*. He went down May 26 and seems to be satisfied with everything, including the purchase of a roadster after selling his old Ford. He came to All Souls' Church one Sunday afternoon last month by rail.—*Mt. Airy World*.

We need scarcely call attention to our new heading, for it speaks for itself. But as it is an art product of one of our old pupils, Mr. Eugene Fry, we feel that he should have due credit for it. It is Eugene's own work from its inception, as he made the original drawing on his own initiative, bringing it to us for criticism and approval. Eugene

graduated in the class of 1913, spent a year at Gallaudet, then started work in Omaha in the art department of Baker Bros. Engraving Co. He later took a course at the Art Institute of Chicago. He is at present in business for himself, with office in the Baum Building, Omaha, his special line being Advertising Art.—*The Nebraska Journal*.

The following item taken from the *Watertown Daily News* concerning a former pupils of Rome School, will be of interest to our readers:

Handicapped from early babyhood by an affliction which resulted in leaving him a cripple and unable to walk without the aid of crutches and deaf and dumb, but with a brilliant and creative mind Thomas Cannan, Shady avenue, has made himself a master of his afflictions. He is creating toys to delight the lives of children and win the admiration of the adult mind and at the present time has just completed an exhibit for the Lewis county home bureau which will be shown at the New York state fair in Syracuse next week.—*Rome Register*.

Though his vacation was quite brief, only eight weeks, Kelly Stevens, who is a teacher at the New Jersey School, came a long way from the East for a visit with his folks in Mexia last summer. That was his first visit home in two years. The summer before last he was in Europe, where he had been for a whole year previously studying art.

A short time after his arrival at home, he, with his youngest sister, took an auto trip to New Mexico especially to paint pictures of beautiful landscapes and Indians in their native costumes and their pueblos, etc., around Santa Fe and Taos, and he also painted several sketches of that famous Enchanted Mesa near Laguna.

He had some thrilling experiences with the Indians while on picture-painting trips. The Indians certainly are still primitive and very suspicious of the white people.

Before starting back east, Mr. Stevens came down to Austin for one day and a half visit with his friends. He called on his school.

He was favorably impressed by numerous improvements that had been made here since he graduated more than ten years ago.

Mr. Stevens made all the trips from the East to New Mexico and back in his own car, a swell Buick closed car which he bought some time last spring.—*The Lone Star*.

## NEWS FROM THE CAPITAL CITY

Reported by Mrs. C. L. Jackson

Rev. S. M. Freeman who has been ill in a hospital at Knoxville, Tenn., was brought to Atlanta about two weeks ago and carried to St. Joseph's Hospital where he was operated on for some kidney trouble, is said to be doing as well as could be expected. He will be removed to his home as soon as the physicians pronounce him sufficiently recovered to be moved.—*School Helper*.

## A SPLENDID MEMORIAL.

From *The Kentucky Standard* we learn that the members of the family of the late Dr. James H. Cloud, of St. Louis, have provided a scholarship at Gallaudet College as a memorial to him. It is a form of memorial that would certainly have pleased Dr. Cloud could he have known of it, for he loved learning and was devoted to his old college. The scholarship takes the form of a cash payment, and is for worthy young men or women who need assistance in getting through college.—*Colorado Index*.

## DR. AND MRS. ROGERS TO GO AWAY SOON.

Dr. Rogers' six months leave of absence begins November 1, on which date he will turn over the management of this school to Mr. M. J. Lee, who has been appointed Superintendent while Dr. Rogers is away. Dr. and Mrs. Rogers will leave about the eighth for Florida where they will spend the winter, and it is hoped that the change will prove beneficial to Mrs. Rogers' health; she has not been at all well for a good while past.

Dr. Rogers has been connected with the school almost forty years, and in that time his vacations have been few and short; he has earned this leave of absence and it is the earnest hope of every one here that he and Mrs. Rogers will enjoy it to the fullest extent, and return in the spring rested and invigorated in consequence.—*The Kentucky Standard*.

## A COMEDY IN DOWING STREET

Our London policemen are not renowned for their Admirable Critchton resource is equal to most of even London's emergencies. A party of deaf and dumb people visited Downing Street and were anxious to know which was Mr. Baldwin's residence and which Mr. Churchill's. Their most expert finger talker approached the policeman on duty outside the Premier's house and made signs totally beyond the officer's ken.

Then one of the seniors of the mute party had a brain wave. He perched his hat sideways on his head with a feather tucked in most jauntily in imitation of Mr. Churchill's famous Tyrolean souvenir. The policeman tumbled at once, and after pointing to No. 11 as the Chancellor's official home, produced a briar pipe from his pocket. When he placed this in mouth and pointed to No. 10 a chorus of delighted comprehension went forth from the visitors. That they all at once recognized, was Baldwin's place. A monocle, parodied with a coin, just as effectively identified Sir Austin Chamberlain's headquarter.—*Deaf Quarterly News*.

## DEAF HOME BOARD ELECTS OFFICERS

Danville, Ky., Nov. 6.—Organization of the Board of Managers for the Kentucky Home for the Aged and Infirm Deaf was perfected in a meeting here Saturday and made preliminary plans for a campaign soon for funds to carry on their work in the State.

Officers elected were:

President, George M. McClure, Danville; vice president, John H. Mueller, Louisville; secretary, Max N. Marcossan, Danville; treasurer, Madison J. Lee, Danville.

Others on the Board of Managers are Ashland D. Martin, Danville; James B. Beauchamp, Danville; Augustus Rogers, Danville; Samuel J. Taylor, Ludlow; Buford A. Allen, Erlanger; Mrs. Earl E. Renaker, Berry; Alvin L. Kutzleb, Louisville; Louis Aronovitz, Pikeville; Rhoddy W. Broadus, Lexington.

## KENTUCKY INSTITUTION FIRST STATE FOR THE DEAF IN U. S.

In a lengthy article which the *Kentucky Standard* reprints from the Lexington (Ky.) *Herald*, we learn that the school has had a career distinguished in more than one respect. It was the first school in the United States to be created west of the Alleghany Mountains, being preceded, in fact, only by the schools in Hartford, Conn., New York City and Philadelphia. It was the first State school to be created in the entire country, the three institutions just mentioned all being private institutions, inaugurated by and in the hands of private bodies. The policy initiated by the Kentucky school has become the prevailing policy of the Union. This school took the lead in making the education of deaf children a part of the great common school system of the country.—*Catholic Deaf-Mute*.

## EDITORS' BANQUET

Never before have the Editors of the schools papers had such a wonderful rally as they had at their meeting at Columbus. The banquet was all the most fastidious could wish for and the speeches were classical gems. President Long, who was master of ceremonies, was assisted by the able Editor of the *Arkansas Optic*, Mrs. Bess Michaels Rigg, who so gracefully interpreted the proceedings. In fact it was the new membership, composed mostly of the fair sex, that lent so much dignity and grace to the occasion. There were several addresses by prominent members of the fraternity, but the outstanding feature of the meeting was the masterly oration of the one-time editor of the *Palmetto Leaf*, the preparation of which has never been equaled in any address before this august body. Following this address, the present incumbent as editor of the *Leaf*, a position formerly occupied by her father, told in a beautiful manner her plans and ambitions in behalf of her paper. We join with the host of editors in welcoming her with the other new members to our society and wish them all the greatest success and happiness.

Following the addresses, came the more serious matter of the treasurer's report which caused quite a discussion as to whether it would not be the safest thing for all concerned to have the Treasurer, whose

office is a life tenure, to be under bond. This matter was tabled until the next meeting.—*Rome Register*.

## GEORGE FREDERICK STONE

The *New Era* of the Connecticut School in its October issue gives a long account of the life and services of George F. Clark, a former teacher of the school from 1883 till 1923, when he retired. His death occurred September 21, 1927, in his 81st year. He was a fine man, greatly loved by them.

His father was Rev. Collins Stone, Superintendent of the Ohio State School for the Deaf from October, 1852, to the fall of 1863.

George F. Stone was five years of age when his father and family came to the school to be its superintendent. There was also a brother, Edward, who was a teacher here for two years, 1862-64, and later Superintendent of the Wisconsin School for Deaf and of the Hartford School.

There are still a few Ohio pupils living who can recall George F. Stone as a playmate during their school days. Dr. Robert Patterson, of this city Conrad Zorbaugh and Alice Harper Pratt, at the Home for Deaf, Nathan R. McGrew, of Gilman, Iowa, Ruth Hare Eldridge, of Olathe, Kansas; James M. Park, of Santa Barbara, California, and Sarah B. Williamson Scott, of Lebanon, Ohio.—*Ohio Chronicle*.

## HOW TO TALK IN SUBWAY

The subway train crashed through the earth in cataclysmic fury. Unequal to conversation against the continuous din, friends sat side by side in silence, and throughout the train the faces of the passengers were expressionless and dull.

Except in one corner of one car. Here a dozen young people, dressed as if going to a party, were chattering away at a great rate, their eyes bright, their faces animated.

Others, who elsewhere might have regarded this group of nodding revelers with some compassion, here looked upon them with temporary envy, for they seemed as isolated in their communion with one another as if the crowded subway car had been a private parlor.

These young people were deaf-mutes talking with their fingers.

## DEAF-MUTE FILM

Hollywood, Cal., September 24.—Motion pictures in which all the actors and actresses are deaf-mutes, receiving their instructions through the medium of lip-reading—such as a pioneering effort in production which has been undertaken in Hollywood. All the lines are actually presented by talented thespians who have mastered lip-reading.

The first film of the kind, a short comedy entitled "One Hour to Live," was exhibited in Los Angeles by Gabriel Ravenelle, who coached the players in pantomime and lip-reading; James O. Sparring, the scenarist and director; Robert A. Olsson, cameraman, and Mrs. Bertha Lincoln Heustis, civic worker and society leader, who promoted its production.

"Our idea in creating this film," says Ravenelle, "is to widen the sphere of enjoyment for those unfortunate as to be unable to hear, to encourage them in pantomime and lip-reading and to demonstrate to them that their handicap is not necessarily a barrier to their acting in motion pictures.

"While the first effort obviously has many flaws, it was only an experiment. But it proves, we believe, that a motion picture in which all the actors and actresses are deaf-mutes can be made commensurate with the highest standards of cinematic art. Particularly is this possible since the spoken word is lost in motion pictures anyway."

The present film is being revised and retitled, following which another production on a much larger scale is proposed. —*The School Helper.*

### DO NOT GET CAUGHT

The position we took in the last issue that every careless driver is a menace to the rights of his friends—as well as to the safety of himself and his passengers and to others on the road—is borne out by the following editorial in the *Ohio State Journal* of September 27:

"News stories from Toledo told recently of a grade crossing accident in which a man, his wife and their child lost their lives. In that accident an entire family was destroyed. The strange feature of the story was that the man and woman were deaf. The train engineer had sounded the loud whistle, sounded it repeatedly as the auto continued to draw near the crossing, but affliction made impossible for the driver to hear the urgent warning. They failed to look. They could not listen, they lost their lives.

"Repeatedly the State has heard discussion of an auto driver's license law, designed to prevent just such accidents as that near Toledo. The deaf man would have been rejected had he sought license, for the reason that he could not contribute his share of caution and care in driving a car on the highway. To refuse a license would have been kindness to him, he never should have tried to drive a car. The loss of three lives makes plain the danger when he did drive."

The protests of our friends in Columbus, outlined in the *Ohio Chronicle* of October 8, that the Hill tragedy should not be an argument against the driving of cars by the deaf we all know to be a correct and just one, but unfortunately it is not always that kind of argument that wins the case. Nowadays the cardinal sin or offense is in getting caught. We repeat what we have said more than once—if the deaf are to retain their right to drive cars they must be careful and not get caught in serious accidents. And those who really appreciate what would be taken from them should their licenses be revoked must see that those who are included to take chances cease doing so at once.—*The Frat.*

### BLAME DRIVERS IN RAIL-AUTO CRASHES

Pleas for elimination of grade crossings heard on every hand at the National Safety Council Congress were met with statistics to show that 65 per cent of all grade crossing accidents in the United

States last year were directly caused by carelessness on the part of drivers.

In showing the railroads' point of view in the grade crossing problem, Charles E. Hill, general safety agent of the New York Central lines, said that the elimination of all grade crossings in America was economically impossible and that only sane driving could minimize the danger of collisions between trains and automobiles. He also spoke favorably of safety signals, regulations, and other means of protecting those grade crossings which cannot be easily eliminated.

"The part played by railways in crossing fatalities," Mr. Hill asserted, "may be seen in the fact that last year 22 per cent of all fatal grade crossing accidents resulted from drivers running into the sides of trains in daylight. And in 43 per cent of all crossing accidents motorists had driven through lowered gates. In the last year seven crossing watchmen have been killed by motorists who ran them down as they endeavored to warn against the approach of trains.

In the last ten years there have been 20,021 persons killed and 55,771 injured in grade crossing accidents. We cannot evade the seriousness of the situation. The railways have joined to take measures to reduce or eliminate such terrific losses."—*Chicago Daily News.*

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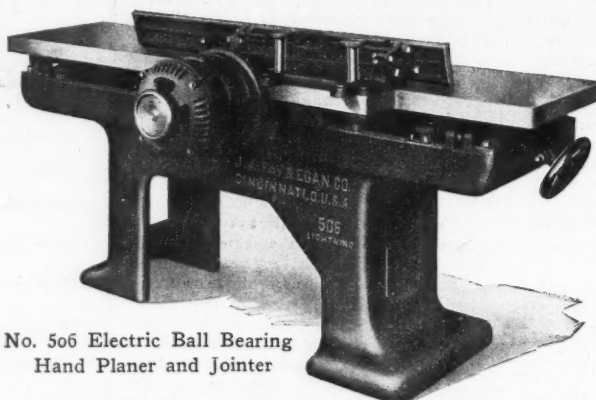
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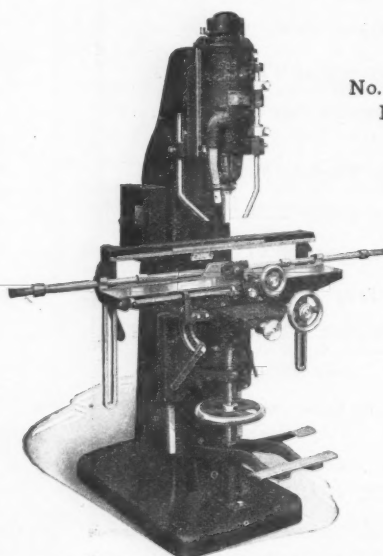
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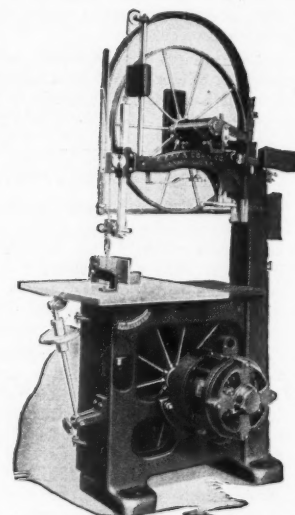
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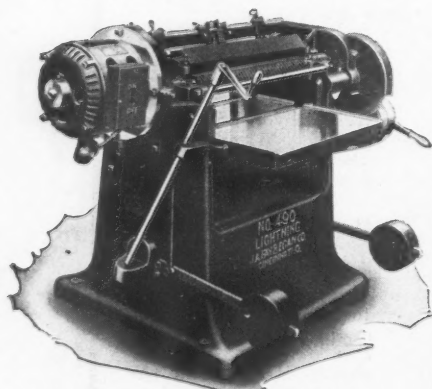
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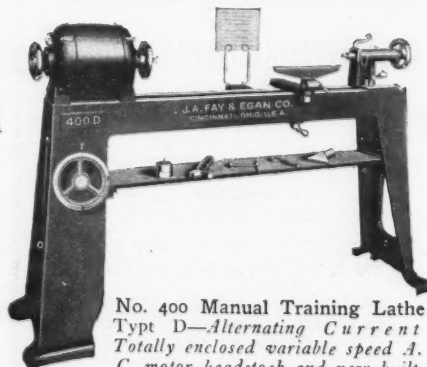
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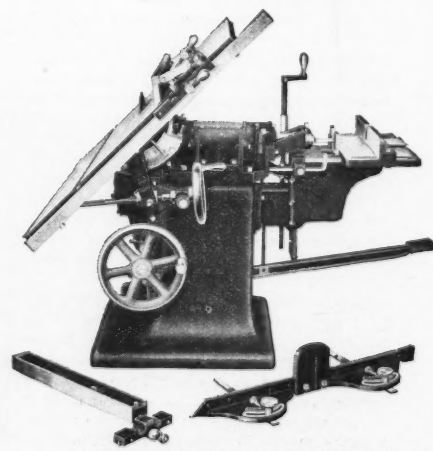
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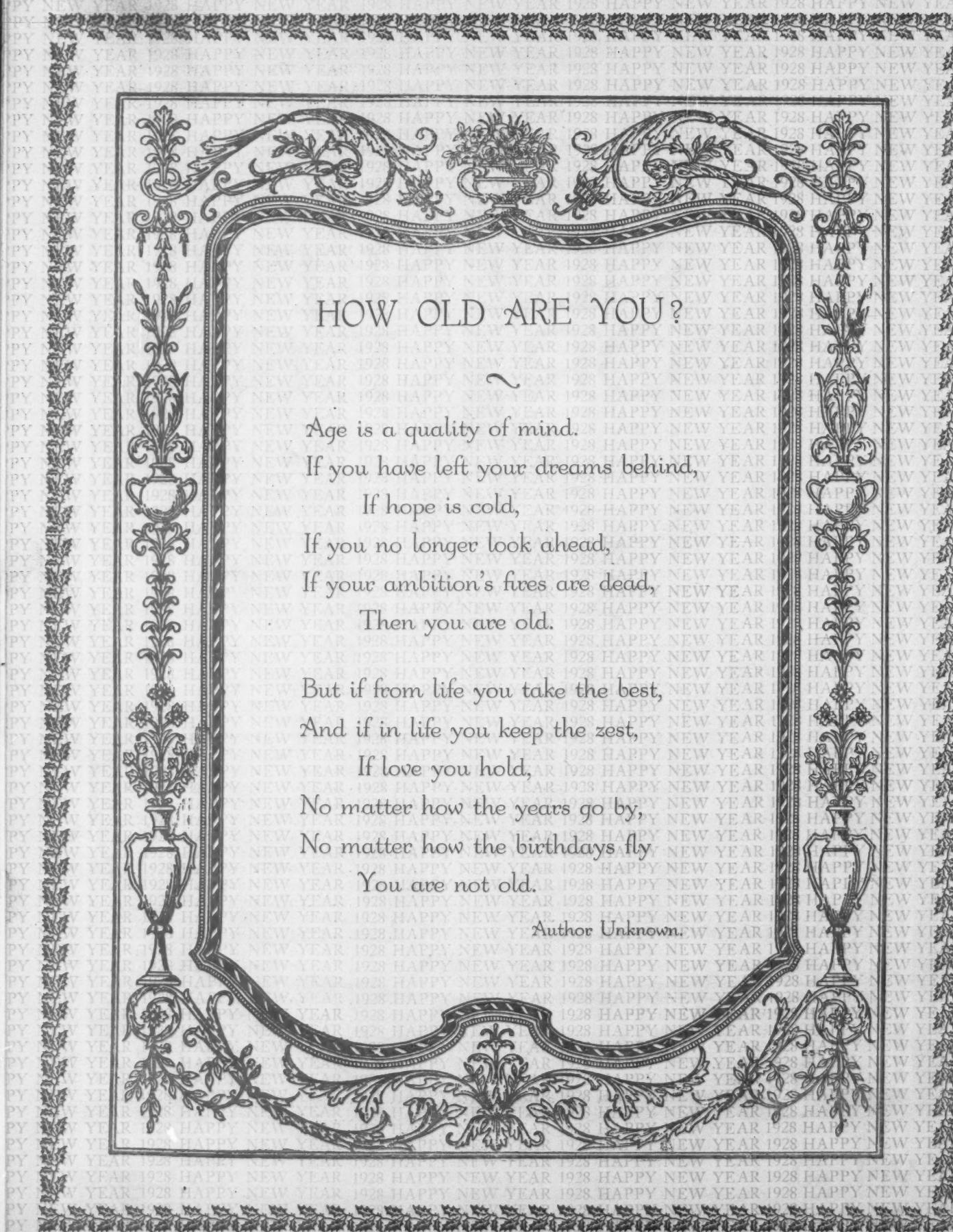
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But if from life you take the best,

And if in life you keep the zest,

If love you hold,

No matter how the years go by,

No matter how the birthdays fly

You are not old.

Author Unknown.